

LINGVA:

OR

The Combat of the
Tongue,

And the five Senses

FOR

Superiority.

A pleasant Comedie.

LONDON

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Simon Waterfon.

Drammatis Personæ.

LINGVA. ———— } COMEDVS.
 AUDITVS. ———— } TRAGÆDVVS.
 MENDACIO, LINGVA his Page.
 TACTVS. ———— } ODOR.
 ALFACTVS. ———— } TOBACCO.
 LUMEN.
 COELVM.
 VISVS ———— } TERRA. GUSTVS. ———— } BACCHVS, CERES,
 ———— } HERAVLDRY. ———— } BEER.
 ———— } COLOR.
 APETITVS a Parasite.
 PHANTASTES, HEURESIS, PHANTASTES his Page.
 CRAPVLA, GUSTVS his follower.
 COMMVNIS SENSVS.
 MEMORIA, ANAMNESTES, MEMORIE his Page.
 SOMNVS.

Personæ quarum mentio tantum fit. } PSEVSE.
 ———— } ARCASIA.
 ———— } VERITAS.
 ———— } OBLIVIO.

The Scene is MICROCOSMVS in a Grove.

The Time, from morning till night.

Prologue.

O Vr Muse describes no Lovers passion,
 No wretched Father, no unthrifty Sonnet:
 No craving subtle Whore, or shamelesse Bawde,
 Nor stubborne Clowne, or daring Parasite,
 No lying Seruant, or bold Sycophant.
 Wee are not wanton, or Satyricall.
 These haue their time and places fit, but wee
 Sad houres, and serious studies, to reprime,
 Haue taught seuerer Phylosophy to smile.
 The Seniles rash contentions we compose,
 And gine displeas'd ambitious TONGVE her due
 Heres all Iudicious friends, accept what is not ill,
 Who are not such, let them doe what they will.

Actus. I. Scœna. I.

LINGVA, *apparelled in a Crimson Satteen Gowne, a Dressing of white Roses, a little Skeane ryed in a purple Skerfe, a paire of white Buskins drawne with white Ribband, Silke-garters, Gloues, &c.*

AUDITVS, *in a Garland of Bayes, intermingled with red and white Roses upon a false haire, a cloath of Siluer Mantle upon a paire of Satin Bases, wrought Sleeues, Buskins, Gloues, &c.*

LINGVA, AUDITVS.

LING. Nay good *Auditus* do but heere mee speake.

AUD. *Lingua* thou strik'st too much vpon one string,
Thy tedious plaine-song grates my tender Eares.

LING. 'Tis plaine indeed, for Truth no descant needes,
Vna's her name, she cannot be diuided.

AUD. O but the ground it selfe is nought, from whence
Thou canst not relish out a good diuision:

Therefore at length sur-cease, proue not starke mad,

Hopelesse to prosecute a haplesse sute:

For though (perchance) thy first straines pleasing are,
I dare ingage my cares, the cloze will iarre.

LING. If then your confidence esteeme my cause,
To bee so friuolous and weakely wrought,
Why do you daily subtil plots deuise,
To stop me from the cares of common Sense?

Whom since our great Queene *Ryszeh* hath ordain'd,

For his sound wisdom, our Vice-gouernour,

To him, and to his two so wise assistants,

Nymble *Phantastes*, and firme *Memory*:

My selfe and cause, I humbly do commit,

Let them but heare and iudge, I wish no more.

AUD. Should they but know thy rash presumption,
They would correct it in the sharpest sort:

Good *Ioue* what Sense hast thou to bee a Sense;

Since from the first foundation of the world,

We neuer were accounted more then five;

Yet you, for-sooth, an idle prating dame,

Would faine increase the number, and vs start

To our high seates, decking your babling selfe

With vsurp'd titles of our dignity.

LING. An idle prating dame: know fond *Audius*,
Records affirme my title full as good,

As his amongst the five is counted best.

A V D. *Lingua* confesse the truth, that went to lie.

LING. I say so too, therefore I do not lie.

But now spite of you all I speak the truth.

You five amongst vs subjects tyrannize,

Making the sacred name of common Sense,

A cloake to cover your enormities:

Hee beares the rule, hee's iudge; but iudgeth ill,

As hee's inform'd by your false euidence:

So that a plaintiffe cannot haue access,

But through your gates he heares, but whatnought else.

But that thy crafty eares to him conuies,

And all hee sees is by proud *Visus* shew'd him,

And what he touches is by *Tactus* hand,

And smels I know but through *Olfactus* Nose,

Gustus beginnes to him what ere hee tastes:

By these quaint trickes free passage hath bene bard

That I could neuer equally be heard,

But well, 'tis well. A V D. *Lingua* thy feeble seare,

Hath hither-to with-held my ready hands

That long'd to plucke that nimble instrument.

LING. O horrible ingratitude! that thou

That thou of all the rest shouldst threaten me

Who by my meanes conceit'st as many tongues,

As *Neptune* closeth lands betwixt his armes:

The ancient *Hebrew* clad with mysteries,

The learned *Greeke* rich in fit *Epihithes*,

Blest in the louely marriage of pure words,

The *Caldy* wife, the *Arabian* Physicall,

The *Romaine* Eloquent, and *Tuscan* Grace,

The Brauing *Spanish*, and the smooth-tong'd *French*,

These pretious Jewels that adorne thine eares,

All from my mouthes rich Cabinet are stolne.

How oft hath thou bene chain'd vnto my tongue?

Hang'd at my lips, and rauish with my words,

So that a speech faire fether'd could not flie.

But thy eares pit-fall caught it instantly.

But now O Heauens!

LINGVA.

A V D. O Heuens thou wrongst me much,
Thou wrongst me much thus falsely to vpraise me:
Had I not granted thee the vse of hearing,
That sharpe edged tongue whetted against her Maister,
Those puffing lungs, those teeth, those droppe lippes,
Thar scalding throate, those nostrils full of ire:
Thy palate, proper instruments of speech,
Like to the winged chanters of the wood,
Vttering nought else but idle fittments,
Tunes without fence, words inarticulate,
Had nere bene able to haue abused me thus.
Words are thy Children, but of my begetting.

L I N G. Perfidious Liar how can I endure thee,
Cal'st my vnspotted chastity in Question?
O could I vse the Breath mine anger spends,
Id'e make thee know.

A V D. Heauens looke on my distresse,
Defend mee from this rayling viperesse,
For if I stay, her words sharpe viniger
Will fret me through, *Lingua* I must be gone.
I heare one call mee more then earnestly.

L I N G. Nay the loud cannoning of thunder-boules,
Screeking of Wolues, howling of tortured Ghosts
Pursue thee still and fill thy amazed eares
With cold astonishment and horrid feares.
O how these senses muffle common sense,
And more, and more, with pleasing objects strine,
To dull his iudgement and peruert his will
To their be-hefts who were he not so wrapt
I the duskie clouds of their darke pollicies,
Would neuer suffer right to suffer wrong:
Fie *Lingua* wilt thou now degenerate?
Art not a woman? dost not loue reuenge?
Delightfull speeches, sweete persuasions?
I haue this long time vs'd to get my right,
My right, that is to make the Senses fixe,
And haue both name and power with the rest.
Oft haue I seasoned sauiory periods,
With sugred words, to delude *Gust* and *Nose*,
And oft embelisht my entreatiue phrased
With smelling flowers of sweet Rhetorique.

LINGVA.

Limming and flashing it with various Dyes,
 To draw proud *Vizns* to me by the eyes:
 And oft perfum'd my petitory stile
 With Ciuet-speeches, I entrap *Olfactum* Nose,
 And clad my selfe in Silken Eloquence,
 To allure the nicer touch of *Tactus* hand,
 But al's become lost labour, and my cause
 Is still procrastinated; therefore now,
 Hence yee base off-spring of a broken minde,
 Supple intreaties and smooth flatteries:
 Go kisse the loue-sicke lippes of puling Guls,
 That still their Braine to quench their loues disdain,
 Go guild the tongues of Bawdes and Parasites,
 Come not within my thoughts. But thou Deceit,
 Breake vp the pleasure of my Brim-full brest,
 Enrich my minde with subtile pollicies.
 Well then I'll goe, whither? nay what know I?
 And do, in faith I will, the deuill knowes what,
 What if I set them all at variance,
 And so obtaine to speake, it must be so.
 It must be so, but how? there lyes the point:
 How? thus: tut this deuise will neuer proue,
 Augment it so, 'twill be too soone descride,
 Or so, nor so, 'tis too too dangerous,
 Pish, none of these, what if I take this course? has
 Why there it goes, good, good, most excellent,
 He that will catch Eccles must disturbe the flood,
 The Chickin's hatcht ifaith, for they are proud,
 And soone will take a cause of disagreement.

ACTVS. 1. SCENA. 3.

MENDACIO, attired in a Taffata sute of a light colour change-
 able, like an ordinary Page, Gloves, Hamper,

LINGVA. MENDACIO.

LING. I see the heauens nurse my new-borne deuice,
 For loe my page *Mendacio* comes already,
 To file and burnish that I hammerd out,
 Neuer in better time *Mendacio*,
 What hast thou done? **MEN.** Done, yes long agoe.

LINUS.

LING. 'Tst possible thou shouldst dispatch so soone?

MEND. Madame, Thad no sooner told

Tactus, that *Gustus* would faine speake with him:

But I spied *Visus*, *Gustus* and the rest,

And serued them all with sawce of seuerall lies:

Now the last sence I spake with was *Olfactus*,

Who hauing smelt the meaning of my message,

Straight blew his nose, and quickly pufte me hither,

But in the whirle-wind of his furious blast,

Had not, by chance, a Cob-web held me fast,

Mendacio had bene with you long ere this.

LING. Witnesse this lie, *Mendacio's* with me now,

But sirra, out of iesting, will they come?

MEND. Yes and it like your Lady-ship presently:

Here may you haue me prest to flatter them.

LING. I'll flatter no such proud Companions,

'Twill do no good, therefore I am determin'd

To leaue such basenesse.

MEND. Then, shall I turne and bid them stay at home?

LING. No, for their comming hither to this groue,

Shall be a meanes to further my deuise,

Therefore I pray thee *Mendacio* go presently,

Run you vile Ape. MEND. Whether?

LING. What, dost thou stand? MEND. Till I know what to do.

LING. S'pretious 'tis true,

So mightst thou finely ore-runne thine errand.

Hast to my Chest. MEND. I, I. LING. There shalt thou finde

A gorgeous Robe, and golden Coronet,

Conuey them hither nimble, let none see them.

Exit Mendacio.

MEND. Madam, I flie, I flie. LING. But here you sirra?

Locke vp your fellow seruant *Vernus*. MEND. I warrant you,

You need not feare, so long as I am with you.

He goes out, and comes

What colour is the Robe?

in presently.

LING. There is but one.

Mendacio going turnes in hast.

MEND. The Key Madam, the Key.

LING. By *Iuno* how forgetfull is suddaine speed?

Here take it, runne. MEND. Ile be here instantly.

Exit Mendacio.

LINGVA.

ACT. I. SCENE. 3.

LINGVA *Sola.*

—LING. Whilome this Crowne and gorgeous ornament,
Were the great prize, for which five Orators,
With the sharpe weapons of their tongues contended:
But all their speeches were so equall wrought,
And a-like gracious, that if his were witty,
His was as wise, the thirds faire eloquence
Did paralell the fourths firme grauity,
The lasts good gesture kept the Ballance euen
With all the rest, so that the sharpest eye,
And most iudicious censor could not judge
To whom the hanging victory should fall:
Therefore with one consent they all agreed,
To offer vp both Crowne and Robe to me
As the chiefe Patronesse of their profession:
Which heretofore I holily haue kept,
Like to a misers gold, to looke on onely,
But now I'll put them to a better vse,
And venter both, in hope to ———

ACT. I. SCENA. 4.

MENDACIO. LINGVA.

MEND. Haue I not hied me Madam? looke you heere,
What shall be done with these temptations?

LING. They say a golden Ball
Bred enmitie betwixt three Goddesses;
So shall this Crowne be authour of debate
Betwixt five Senses. MEND. Where shall it be laide?

LING. There, there, there, 'tis well, so, so, so.

MEND. A Crown's a pleasing baite to looke vpon,
The craftiest Foxe will hardly scape this trap.

LING. Come lets vs away, and leaue it to the chance.

MEND. Nay rather let me stand close hereabouts
And see the euent. LING. Do so, and if they doubt

How it came there, faine them some pretty fable,
How that some God. ——— MEN. Tut, tut, tut, let me alone,
I that haue fained so many hundred Gods,
Can easily forge some fable for the turne:

LINGUA.

Whist Madame, away, away, you fright the Fowle,

Tactus comes hard by, looke you. LING. Is he for certaine?

MEND. Yes, yes, yes, 'tis he. LING. 'Tis he indeed. *Exit Lingua*

ACTVS.I. SCENA.3.

TACTVS, in a darke coloured Sattin mantle over a paire of silke Bases, a Garland of Bayes mixt with white and red Roses, upon a blacke Grogaram, a Faulchion, wrought sleeves, Buskins, &c.

MENDACIO. TACTVS.

MEND. Now chaste *Diana* grant my nets to hold.

TACT. The blasting Child-hood of the cheerefull morne
Is almost growne a youth, and ouer-climbes
Yonder guilt Easterne hills, about which time,
Gustus most earnestly importun'd me,
To meeete him here-about, what cause I know not.

MEND. You shall desherly to your cost I hope.

TACT. Sure by the Sunne it should be nine a clocke.

MEND. What a starre-gazer, will you nere looke downe?

TACT. Cleere is the Sunne and blew the firmament,
Me thinks the heauens do smile. *Tactus sneezeth.*

— MEND. At thy mishap.
To looke so high and stumble in a trap.

Tactus stumbleth at the Robe and Crowne.

TACT. High thoughts haue slippry feete, I had well nie false,

MEND. Well doth he fall that riseth with a fall. TACT. Whats this?

MEND. O are you taken, 'tis in vaine to strue. TACT. How now?

MEND. Youle be so intangled straight. TACT. A Crowne?

MEND. That will be heard. TACT. And a Robe.

MEND. To loofe your selfe. TACT. A Crowne and a Robe.

MEND. It had bene fitter for you to haue found a fooles coate and a bable, hey, hey. TACT. *Jupiter*, *Jupiter* how came this heere?

MEND. O Sir, *Jupiter* is making Thunder he heres you not, heres one knowes better. TACT. 'Tis wondrous rich, ha, but sure it is not so, ho, Do I not sleepe and dreame of this good lucke, ha?

No I am awake, and feele it now. *He takes it vp.*

Whose should it bee? MEND. Set vp a *Siquis* for it.

TACT. *Mercury*, al's mine owne, heres none to cry halfe mine.

MEND. When I am gone.

Exit Mendacio.

LINGVA.

ACT. I. SCEN. 6.

TACTVS Solus.

TACT. *Tactus*, thy sneezing somewhat did portend,
Was euer man so fortunate as I?
To breake his shinnes at such a stumbling Blocke?
Roses and Baies packe hence! this Crowne and Robe,
My Browes and Body circles and inuests.
How gallantly it fits me, sure the slaue,
Measur'd my head that wrought this Coronet.
They lie that say Complexions cannot change:
My Bloud's enobled, and I am transform'd,
Vnto the sacred temper of a King:
Me thinks I heare my noble Parasites
Stiling me *Cesar*, or great *Alexander*,
Licking my feete and wondring where I got
This pretious ointment: How my pace is mended?
How Princely do I speake? how sharpe I threaten?
Peasants I'le curbe your head-strong impudence,
And make you tremble when the Lyon roares,
Yea earth-bred wormes, O for a looking glasse:
Poets will write whole volumes of this scarre,
Where's my attendants? Come hither Sirra quickly.
Or by the wings of *Hermes*. —

ACT. I. SCEN. 7.

OLFACTVS, in a Garland of Bayes intermingled with white and red Roses
upon a false haire, his sleeves wrought with flowers under a Damaskt Manile
ouer a paire of silke Bases, a paire of Buskins drawne with riband, a flower in
his hand.

TACTVS. OLFACTVS.

TACT. Ay me *Olfactus* comes, I eal'd too soone,
Heele haue halfe part I feare: What shall I do?
Where shall I runne? how shall I shifte him off?

OLF. This is the time, and this the place appointed,
Where *Visus* promis'd to conferre with me.
I thinke hee's there. — No, no, 'tis *Tactus* sure.
How now, what makes you sit so nicely?

TACT. It's past imagination, it's so indeed.

OLF. How fast his deeds are fixed, and how melancholly hee lookes?
Tactus, Tactus. TACT. For this is true, Mans life is wondrous brittle.

*Tactus wraps up
the Robe and
Crowne and sits
upon them.*

OLF.

OLF. He's mad I thinke he talks so idly, so he, *Tallus.*

TACT. And many haue bene metamorphosed,
To stranger matters, and more vncouth formes,

OLF. I must go neerer him he doth not heare.

TACT. And yet me thinks, I speake as I was wont,
And — OLF. *Tallus, Tallus.*

TACT. *Olfaltus* as thou louest come not neere mee,

OLF. Why? art thou hatching egges th'art fear'd to breake them?

TACT. Touch me not least thou chance to breake my life.

OLF. What's this vnder thee?

TACT. If thou meddle with mee I am vtterly vndone.

OLF. Why man? what ailes thee?

TACT. Let me alone and Ile tell thee,
Lately I came from fine *Phantastes* house.

OLF. So I belecue, for tha'tt very foolish,

TACT. No sooner had I parted out of dores,
But vp I held my hands before my face:
To sheild my eies from the light's peircing beames,
When, I protest, I saw the Sunne as cleere,
Through these my palmes as through a prospectiue:
No meruaile, for when I beheld my fingers:
I saw my fingers neere trans-form'd to glasse,
Opening my brest, my Breast was like a window,
Through which I plainly did perceiue my heart:
In whose two Conclaues I discern'd my thoughts,
Confusedly, lodg'd in great multitudes.

OLF. Ha, ha, ha, why this is excellent,
Momus himselte can finde no fault with thee

Thou mak'st a passing liue *Anatomis.*

And decide the question much disputed:

Betwixt the *Galenists* and *Aristotle.*

TACT. But when I had arriu'd and set me downe,
Viewing my selfe, my selfe, aye me! was changed,
As now thou seest to a perfect Vrinall.

OLF. T'a perfect Vrinall, O monstrous monstrous, art not mad to
thinke so? TACT. I do not thinke so, but say I am so,
Therefore *Olfaltus* come not neere I aduise you.

OLF. See the strange working of dull melancholly,
Whose drossly drying the feeble Braine,
Corrupts the sense, deludes the intellect,
And in the foules faire Table falsely graues,

LINGVA.

Whole squadrons of phantasticall *Chimeras*
 And thousand vaine imaginations:
 Making some thinke their heads as big as horses,
 Some that th'are dead, some that th'are turn'd to Wolues;
 As now it makes him thinke himselfe all glasse,
Tactus diswade thy selfe, thou doest but thinke so.

TACT. *Olfactus* if thou louest me get thee gone,
 I am an *Vrianll*, I dare not stir,
 For feare of cracking in the Bottome. OLF. Wilt thou sit thus all day?

TACT. Vnlesse thou helpe me.

OLF. Bedlam must helpe thee, what wouldst haue me do?

TACT. Go to the Citty, make a Case fit for me.
 Stuffe it with wooll, then come againe and fetch.

OLF. Ha, ha, ha, thou'lt be laught out of case and countenancee.

TACT. I care not, so it must be or I cannot stirre.

OLF. I had best leaue troubling him he's obstinate (*Vrianll* I leaue you) but aboue all things take heed *Iupiter* sees you not, for if he do, hee'le nere make water in a siuey againe thou'lt serue his turne so fit to carry his water vnto *Esculapins*, Fare-well *Vrianll*, Fare-well. *Exit Olfactus.*

TACT. Speake not so loud, the sound's enough to cracke me. What is he gone? I an *Vrianll*, ha, ha, ha, I protest I might haue had my face washt finely, if he had ment to abuse me: I an *Vrianll*, ha, ha, ha, go to, *Vrianll* you haue scapt a faire scouring, well Ile away, and Get me to mine owne house, there Ile locke vp my selfe fast, playing the Chimicke, augmenting this one Crowne to troupes of Angels, with which gold-winged messengers, I meane,

To worke great wonders, as to build and purchase,
 Fare dainetily, tie vp mens tongues, and loose them,
 Command their liues, their goods, their liberties,
 And captiue all the world with chaines of gold,
 Hey, hey, terry linkum tinkum.

O *Heracles*

Hee offers to go out, but comes in suddenly amazed.

Fortune the Queene, delights to play with me,
 Stopping my passage with the sight of *Visus*,
 But as he makes hither, Ile make hence,
 There's more wayes to the Wood then one.

He offers to go out at the other doore, but returns againe in hast.

What more Diuels to affright mee?

O Diabolo, *Gustus* comes heere to vex me.

So that I poore wretch, am like a Shittle-cocke betwixt two *Barthodores*,
 If I runne there, *Visus* beates me to *Spills*, If here, then *Gustus* blowes me

LINGVA.

to *Carybdis*.

Neptune hath sworne my hope shall suffer ship-wracke.

What shall I say?

Mine Vrinal's too thin to bide the fury of such stormes as these.

ACT. I. SCEN. 8.

VISVS, in a Garland of Bayes mixt with white and red Roses, a light coloured Tassata mantle striped with siluer, & fringed ypon Greene silk Bases, Buskins, &c.

GVSTVS in the same fashion, differing onely in colour.

TACTVS in a corner of the Stage.

VISVS. GVSTVS. TACTVS.

VIS. *Gustus* good day. *GVST.* I cannot haue a bad, Meeting so faire an Omen as your selfe.

TACT. Shall I? wilt proue? ha! well 'tis best to venture. *Tactus puts*

GVST. Saw you not *Tactus*, I should speake with him. *on the Robes.*

TACT. Perchance so, a suddaine lie hath best lucke.

VIS. That face is his, or else mine eie's deceiu'd,
Why how now *Tactus*, what so gorgious?

GVST. Where didst thou get these faire habiliments?

TACT. Stand backe I charge you as you loue your liues,
By *Stix* the first that toucheth me shall die.

VIS. I can discerne no weapons, will he kill vs?

TACT. Kill you? not I, but come not neere you had best.

VIS. Why, art thou mad? *TACT.* Friends, as you loue your liues,
Venture not once to come within my reach.

GVST. Why dost threaten so?

TACT. I do not threaten, but in pure loue aduise you for the best,
Dare not to touch me, but hence flie apace,
Adde wings vnto your feete, and saue your liues.

VIS. Why what's the matter, *Tactus* prethe tell me?

TACT. If you will needs ieopard your liues so long,
As heare the ground of my amazednesse,
Then for your better safety stand aside.

GVST. How full of ceremonies, sure he'le coniure.
For such like Robes *Magicians* vse to weare.

VIS. He see the end, though he should valocke Hell:
And set th' infernall haggas at liberty.

TACT. How rash is man on bidden armes to rush,
It was my chance, O chance most miserable,
To walke that way that to *Cremena* leads.

GVST. You meane *Cremena* a little Towne hard by.

LINGVA.

TACT. I say *Crumena* called *Vagna*,
A Towne which doth, and alwaies hath belong'd
Chiefely to Schollers: from *Crumena* walles,
I saw a man came stealing craftily,
Apparelled in this vesture which I weare,
But seeing me est-soones, he tooke his heeles,
And threw his garments from him all in hast,
Which I perceiuing to bee richly wrought,
Tooke it me vp: But good now get you gone,
Warn'd by my harmes, and scape my misery.

VIS. I know no danger, leaue these circumstances,

TACT. No sooner had I put it on my backe,
But suddenly my eies beganne to dim,
My ioyns waxe sore, and all my body burne
With most intestine torture, and at length,
It was too euident, I had caught the plague.

VIS. The plague, away good *Gustus* let's be gone,
I doubt 'tis true, now I remember me
Crumena Vagna neuer wants the plague.

GVST. *Tactus* Ile put my selfe in ieopardy to pleasure thee.

TACT. No gentle *Gustus*, your absence is the onely thing I wish,
Least I infect you with company. GVST. Farewell, *Exit Gustus.*

VIS. I willingly would stay to do thee good.

TACT. A thousand thanks, but since I needs must die,
Let it suffice, death onely murders me,
O 'twould augment the dolour of my death,
To know my selfe the most vnhappy bow,
Through which pale death should aime his shafts at you.

VIS. *Tactus* fare-well, yet die with this good hope,
Thy corps shall be interr'd as they ought. *Exit Visus.*

TACT. Go make my Tombe, provide my Funerals, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
Excellent Asses, thus to be deluded,
Bewaile his death and cruell destinies,
That liues, and laughs your fooleries to scorne,
But where's my Crowne, oh heere: I well deserue,
Thus to be crowned for two great victories ha, ha, ha,
Visus take care my corps be well interr'd:
Go make my tombe, and write vpon the stone.

*Here lyes the Sense, that lying gul'd them all,
Wish a false plague, and feigned vrinall.*

LINGVA.

ACT. I. SCENE. 9.

AUDITVS. TACTVS.

AVD. *Tactus, Tactus.*

TACT. O *Iupiter* tis *Auditus* all's marde, I doubt, the slie knaue heares so farre, but yet Ile grope him: how now Eares, what make you here, ha?

AVD. Nay, what make you here, I pray what were you talking euen now, of an Asle, and a Crowne, and an Vrinall, and a plague?

TACT. A plague on you what I? AVD. Oh, what you.

TACT. O I had well nigh forgot, nothing but I say--- AVD. What?

TACT. That if a man (do you marke sir) being sicke of the plague (do you see sir) had a a, a, hem, hem, (this cold troubles me, it makes me cough sometimes extreacly) had a *French* Crowne, (sir you vnderstand me) lying by him, and (come hither, come hither) and would not bestow two pence (do you heare) to buy an vrinall (do you marke me) to carry his water to the Phyfition, (hem) AVD. What of all this?

TACT. I say such a one was a very Asse, this was all I vse to speake to my selfe when I am alone; but *Auditus*, when shall wee heare a new set of finging-bookes, or the viols, on the consort of instruments.

AVD. This was not all, for I heard mention of a Tomb, and an Epitaph.

TACT. True, true, I made my selfe merry with this Epitaph, vpon such afooles Tombe thus a thus, thus, plague brought this man, (soh I haue forgotten) o thus, plague brought this man (so, so, so) vnto his buriall because, because, because, (hem, hem) because hee would not buy an vrinall; Come, come *Auditus*, shall wee here thee play, the *Lyeroway*, or the *Lute-way*, shall we? or the Cornet, or any Musicke, I am greatly reuiued when I heare.

AVD. *Tactus, Tactus*, this will not serue, I heard all, you haue not found a Crowne: you, no, you haue not.

ACT. I. SCEN. *ultima.*

TACTVS. AUDITVS. VISVS. GVSTVS. MENDATIO.

TACT. Peace, peace, faith peace, come hither, harken thee good now.

AVD. I cannot hold I must needs tell.

TACT. O do not, do not, do not, come hither, will you be a foole?

VIS. Had he not wings vpon his feete and shoulders?

MEND. Yes, and a fine wand in his hand,

Curiously wrapped with a paire of snakes.

TACT. Will halfe content you, pish twill nere be knowne.

GVST. My life 'twas *Mercury*.

MEND. I do not know his name, but this I am sure, his hat had wings vpon't. VIS. Doubtlesse 'twas he, but say my Boy, what did he?

MEND.

LINGVA.

MEND. First I beheld him hovering in the aire,
 And then downe stooping, with a hundred gires:
 His feete he fixt on Mount *Cephalon*,
 From whence he flew and lighted on that plaine,
 And with disdainefull steps soone glided thither:
 Whither ariued, he suddenly vnfoldes
 A gorgeous Robe, and glittering ornament,
 And laid them all vpon that hillocke:
 This, done he wafts his hand, tooke wing againe,
 And in a moment vanisht out of sight,
 With that mine eies gan stare, and heart grew cold,
 And all my quiuering ioynts with sweate bedewd:
 My heeles, mee-thought, had wings as well as his,
 And so away I runne, but by the way
 I met a man, as I thought, comming thither.

GVST. What markes had he?

MEND. He had a great—— what! this is he, this is he.

VIS. What *Tactus*?

GVST. This was the plague vext him so,
Tactus your Graue gapes for you, are you ready?

VIS. Since you must needes die, do as others do,
 Leauē all your goods behind you; bequeth the
 Crowne and Robe to your executors.

TACT. No such matter; I, like the *Egyptian* Knights
 For the more state, will be buried in them. VIS. Come, come deliuer.

Virus snatcheth the Crowne and sees letters grauen in it.

TACT. What will you take my purse from mee?

VIS. No, but a Crowne that's iust more then your owne,
 Ha, what's this? 'tis a very small hand,
 What Inscription is this?

*Hee of the fine that proues himselfe the best,
 Shall haue his Temples with this Coronet blest.*

This Crowne is mine, and mine this garment is,
 For I haue alwaies bene accounted best.

TACT. Next after me, I as your selfe at any time: besides I found it
 first, therefore 'tis mine.

GVST. Neither of yours, but mine as much as both.

AVD And mine the most of any of you all.

VIS. Giue me it, or else——

TACT. Ile make you late repent it——

GVST. Presumptuous as you are——

AVD.

AVD. Spire of you teeth ———

MEND. Neuer till now, a ha, it workes apace,
Visus I know 'its yours, and yet mee-thinkes
Audius you should haue some challenge to it;
 But that your title *Tactus* is so good,
Gustus I would sweare the Coronet were yours.
 What, will you all go braule about a trifle?
 View but the pleasant Coasts of *Myerocosme*.
 Is't not great pittie to be rent with warres?
 Is't not a shame, to staine with brinish teares,
 The smiling cheekes of euer-cheerefull peace?
 Is't not farre better to liue quietly,
 Then bröyle in fury of dissention?
 Giue me the Crowne ye shall not disagree
 If I can please you; I'll play *Paris* part,
 And mo st vnpartiall iudge the controuerisie:

VIS. Sauce-box go meddle with your Ladies fanne,
 And prate not here.

MEND. I speake not for my selfe, but for my Countries safe commo-

VIS. Sirra be still.

(dity.

MEND. Nay and you be so hot the Diuell part you,
 I'll to *Olfactus* and send him amongst you.
 O that I were *Aleto* for your sakes:
 How liberally would I bestow my snakes,

Exit Mendico.

VIS. *Tactus* vpon thine honour,
 I challenge thee to meete me here,
 Strong as thou canst prouide in th'afternoone.

TACT. I vndertake the Challenge, and heres my hand
 In signe thou shalt be answered.

GVST. *Tactus* I'll ioyne with thee on this condition,
 That if we winne he that fought best of vs
 Shall haue the Crowne, the other weare the Robe.

TACT. Giue me your hand I like the motion.

VIS. *Audius* shall we make our forces double,
 Vpon the same termes. AVD. Very willingly.

VIS. Come let's away scare not the victory.
 Rights more aduantage, then an host of Souldiers.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus. 2. Scœna. I.

APPETITVS, *A long leane Raw-bon'd fellow in a Souldiers coate, a sword, &c.*

MENDACIO. APPETITVS.

MEND. I long to see those hot-spur-Senses at it, they say they haue gallant preparations, and not vnlikely, for most of the Souldiers are ready in Armes, since the last field fought against their yearly enemy, *Melenger* and his wife *Acrasia*, that Conquest hath so flesht them, that no peace can hold them; but had not *Melenger* bene sicke, and *Acrasia* drunke, the Senses might haue whistled for the victory.

APP. Poh, what a stincke of Gunpowder is yonder?

MEND. Who's this? oh, oh 'tis *Appetitus*, *Gustus* hungry Parasite.

APP. I cannot endure the smoking of Gunnes, the thundring of Drummes; I had rather heare the merry hacking of Pot-hearbs, and see the reaking of a hot Capon: If they would vse no other bucklers in warre, but Shields of Brawne, brandish no swords but swords of Bacon, traile no speares, but sparibs of Porke, and instead of Hargebush-pieces, discharge Hartichoke-pies, tossie no Pikes but boyled Pickrels, then *Appetitus* would rouse vp his Crest, and beare vp himselfe with the proudest.

MEND. Ah, here's a youth starke naught at a Trench, but old dog at a Trencher, a tall Squire at a Square Table.

APP. But now my good Maisters must pardon me, I am not for their seruice, for their seruice is without seruice, and indeed their seruices is too hote for my dyet. But what if I bee not my selfe, but onely this bee my spirit that wanders vp and downe, and *Appetitus* be kil'd in the Campe? the diuell he is as soone, how's that possible? tut, tut, I know am, I am *Appetitus*, and aliue to, by this infallible token, that I feele my selfe hungry.

MEND. Thou mightst haue taken a better token of thy selfe, by knowing thou art a foole.

APP. Well then, though I made my fellow Souldiers admire the beauty of my backe, and wonder at the nimbleness of my heeles, yet now will I at safety at home, tell in what dangers they are abroad, I'll speake nothing but guns, and glaues, and staues, and phalanges, and squadrons, and barracadoes, ambuscadoes, palme-does, blanke point dept, counter-point, counter-scafe, fallies and lies, saladoes, tarrantaras, ranta, tara, tara,

MEN. I must take the fife out of his mouth or he'll nere adone. (hey.

APP. But about all, I'll be sure on my knees to thanke the great—

MEND. Who am I? who am I? who I?

Mendacio blinds him.

APP.

LINGVA.

APP. By the bloud-stain'd fauchion of Mauers --- I am on your side.

MEND. Why, who am I? APP. Are you a Souldier? MEND. No,

APP. Then you are Maister *Hellus* the Beare-heard,

MEND. No, no, he's dead.

APP. Or *Guleno* the gutty Seriant, or *Delphino* the Vintner, or else I know you not, for these are all my acquaintance.

MEND. Would I were hang'd if I be any of these.

APP. What *Mendacio*, by the faith of a Knight thou art welcome, I must borrow thy Whetstone to sharpen the edges of my martiall complements.

MEND. By the faith of a Kinght: What a pox, where are thy spurres?

APP. I neede no spurres, I ride like *Pegasus* on a winged horse, on a swift Gennet, my Boy called Feare.

MEND. What shouldst thou feare in the warres? hee's not a good Souldier, that hath not a good stomacke.

APP. O, but the stinke of powder spoiles *Appetitus* stomacke, and then thou knowst when 'tis gone *Appetitus* is dead, therefore I very manfully drew my sword, and flourisht it brauely about my eares, kist, and finding my selfe hurt, most manfully ranne away.

MEND. All heart indeed, for thou ranst like a Hart out of the field, It seemes then the Senses meane to fight it out.

APP. I, and out-fight themselues I thinke, and all about a trifle, a paltry bable, found I know not where.

MEND. Thou art deceived, they fight for more then that, a thing called superiority, of which the Crowne is but an Embleme.

APP. *Mendacio* hang this superiority, Crowne me no Crowne, but *Bacchus* Crowne of Roses, giue me no Scepter but a fat Capons legge, to shew, that I am the great King of *Hungary*, therefore I prethee talke no more of state-matters, but in brieftell me, my little Rascall, how thou hast spent thy time this many day? (where?)

MEND. Faith in some credite since thou saw'st me last. AP. How so?

MEND. Euery where; In the Court your Gentlewomen hang at their Apron-strings, and that makes them answere so readily. In the Citty I am honour'd like a God, none so well acquainted with your Trades-men: your Lawyers all the Terme time hire mee of my Lady; your Gallants if they heare my name abused, they stab for my sake; your Trauellers so dote vpon me as passers, O they haue good reason, for I haue carried them to many a good meale vnder the countenance of my familiarity; nay your States-men haue oftentimes closely conueied me vnder their tongues, to make their pollicies more currant; as for old men they challenge my company by authority. AP. I am exceeding glad of your great promotion.

L I N G V A.

MEND. Now when I am disposed I can Philosophy it in the Vniuersity with the subtillest of them all.

A P P. I cannot be perswaded that th'art acquainted with Schollers euer since thou wert prest to death in a Printing-house.

MEND. No, why I was the first founder of the three sects of Phylosophy, except one of the Peripateticks who acknowledge *Aristotle* (I confesse) their great Grand-father.

A P P. Thou Boy, how is this possible? thou art but a child, and there were sects of Phylosophy before thou wert borne.

MEND. *Appetitus*, thou mistakest me, I tell thee 3000 yeares ago was *Mendacio* borne in *Greece*, nurs't in *Crete*, and euer since honoured euery where: I lebesworne I held old *Homers* pen when he write his *Iliads*, and his *Odisses*.

A P P. Thou hadst need, for I heare say he was blind.

MEND. I helped *Herodotus* to pen some part of his *Muses*, lent *Pliny* inke to write his *History*, rounded *Rabalais* in the eare when he Historified *Pantagruell*, as for *Lucian* I was his Genius, O those those two bookes *De vera Historia* howsoeuer they go vnder his name, I le besworne I writ them euery tittle.

A P P. Sure as I am Hungry, thou'st haue it for Lying. But hast thou rusted this latter time for want of exercise?

MEN. Nothing lesse, I must confesse I would faine haue iogged *Stow*, and great *Hollings-head* on their elbowes, when they were about their *Chronicles*, and as I remember Sir *Iohn Mandenils* trauels, and a great part of the *Decads* were of my doing. But for the *Mirroure of Kinght-hood*, *Beuis of South-hampton*, *Palmerin of England*, *Amadis of Gaule*, *Huon de Burdeaux*, Sir *Guy of Warwicke*, *Martin Marprellate*, *Robin-hood*, *Garragantua*, *Gerilion*, and a thousand such exquisite monuments as these, no doubt but they breath on my breath vp and downe.

A P P. Downe-wards I le sweare, for there's stinking lies in them.

MEND. But what, should I light a Candle to the bright Sunne-shine of my glorious renowe, the whole world is full of *Mendacio's* fame.

A P P. And so it will be so long as the world is full of fame.

MEND. But firra, how hast thou done this long time?

A P P. In as much request as thy selfe. To beginne with the Court as thou didst, I lie with the Ladies all night, and that's the reason they call for Cullies, and Grullies, so earely before their prayers, your Gallants neuer sup, Breake-fast, or Beauer without me.

MEND. That's false, for I haue scene them eate with a full stomacke.

A P P. True, but because they know a litle thing driues me from them, therefore in midst of meate they present me with some sharpe sauce, or a dish of delicate Anchoues, or a Caiiare, to intice me backe againe: nay
more

LINGVA.

more, your old Sirs that hardly go without a proppe, will walke a mile, or two, euery day to renew their acquaintance with me, as for the *Academy* it is beholding to me, for adding the eight Prouince vnto noble *Heptarchy* of the liberall Sciences. MEND. What's that I prethe.

APP. The most desired and honourable Art of Cookery.

Now sirra in the City I am ———— ft, ft.

O the body of a Loufe. MEND. What art a Loufe in the City?

APP. Not a word more, for yonder comes *Phantastes*, and some body else. MEND. What a pox can *Phantastes* do?

APP. Worke a miracle if he would proue wise.

MEND 'Tis he indeed, the vilest nup: yet the foole loues me exceedingly, but I care not for his company, for if hee once catch mee I shall neuer be rid of him.

Exeunt Appetitus and Mandacio.

ACT. 2. SCEN. 2.

PHANTASTES. *A swart complexion'd fellow but quicke-ey'd, in a white Satten doublet of one fashion, Greene Veluet hose of another; a phantasticall hat with a plume of fethers of seuerall colours, a little short Tassata cloake, a paire of Buskins cut, drawne out with sundry colored Ribands, with Scarfes hung about him after all fashions, and of all colours, Rings, Jewels, a Fanne, and in euery place other odde complements.*

HEVRESIS. *A nimble sprighted page, in the newest fashion with a garland of Bayes, &c.*

PHANTASTES. HEVRESIS.

PHAN. Sirra boy, *Heuresis*, boy how now byting your nailes?

HEV. Three things haue troubled my braine this many a day, and iust now, when I was laying hold on the inuention of them, your suddaine call made them, like *Tantalus* apples, flie from my fingers.

PHAN. Some great matters questionlesse, what were they?

HEV. The quadrature of a circle, the Philosophers Stone, and the next way to the Indies.

PHAN. Thou dost well to meditate on these three things at once, for thei'll be found out all together, *ad gratias Galendus*; but let them passe, and carry the conceite I told you this morning to the party you wot of. In my imagination 'tis capricious, 'twill take I warrant thee.

HEV. I will Sir. But what say you to the Gentleman that was with you yesterday?

PHAN. O, I thinke thou meanest him that made nineteene Sonnets of his Mistresse Buske-point.

HEV. The same, the same, Sir, you promised to helpe him out with the twentieth.

LINGVA.

PHA. By *Iupiters* clouen pate 'tis true: But we witty fellowes are so forgetfull, but stay, hu, hu, cary him this.

*The gordian knot which Alexander great,
Did whilom cut with his all conquering sword:
Was nothing like thy Buske-point pretty Peate,
Nor could so faire an augury afford.*

Then to conclude, let him peruert *Catullus* his *zonam soluit diu ligatam*, thus, thus.

*Which if I chance to cut or else vntie,
Thy little world I'll conquer presently.*

'Tis pretty, pretty, tell him 'twas extemporall.

HEV. Well Sir, but now for Maister *Inameras* loue-letter.

PH. Some netling stufte ysaith; let him write thus.

Most heart-commanding fac't Gentlewoman, euen as the stone in India called Basiliscus, hurts all that lookes on it; and as the Serpent in Arabia called Smaragdus delighteth the sight, so does thy celestiall orbe-assimilating eyes, both please, and in pleasing wound my lone-darted heart.

HEV. But what tricke shall I inuent for the conclusion?

PHA. Pish any thing, loue will minister Inke for the rest, He that once begun well, hath halfe done well, let him beginne againe and there's all.

HEV. Maister *Gullio* spoke for a new fashion, what for him?

PHA. A fashion for his sute— let him button it downe the sleeue with foure elbowes, and so make it the pure hieroglyphicke of a foole.

HEV. Nay then let me request one thing of you.

PHAN. What's that Boy? by this faire hand thou shalt haue it.

HEV. Mistresse *Superbia*, a Gentlewoman of my acquaintance, wisht mee to deuise her a new set for her Ruffe, and an odde Tire, I pray sir helpe mee out with it.

PHAN. Ah boy, in my conceite 'tis a hard matter to performe, these Women haue well nigh tired me, with deuising Tires for them, and set me at a *non plus* for new Sets, their heads are so light, and their eyes so coy, that I know not how to please them.

HEV. I pray Sir, shee hath a bad face, and faine would haue Sutors; Pantasticall and odde apparell would, perchance, draw some body to look on her.

PHAN. If her face bee nought, in my opinion, the more view it, the worse, bid her weare the multitude of her deformities vnder a maske, till my leasure will serue to deuise some durable, and vnstained blush of pain.

HEV. Very good Sir.

PHAN. Away then, hie thee againe, meete mee at the Court within this houre at the farthest.

Exit Henresit.

Oh

LINGVA.

Oh heauens! How haue I bene troubled this latter times with Women, Fooles, Babes, Taylers, Poets, Swaggerers, Guls, Ballad-makers, they haue almost disrobed mee of all the toies and trifles I can deuise, were it not that I pittie the multitude of Printers, these Sonnet-mungers should starue for conceits for all *Phantastes*. But these puling Louers, I cannot but laugh at them and their Encomions of their Mistresses: They make, forsooth, her haire of Gold, her eies of Diamond; her cheekes of Roses, her lippes of Rubies, her teeth of Pearle, and her whole body of Iuory; and when they haue thus Idol'd her like *Pigmalion*, they fall downe and worship her. *Psyche*, thou hast laid a hard taske vpon my shoulders, to inuent at euery ones aske, were it not that I refresh my dulnes once a day with thy most Angelicall presence, 'twere vnpossible for me to vndergo it,

ACTVS. 2. SCENA. 3.

COMMVNIS SENSVS, *a graue man in a blacke Veluet Cassecke like a Counsellor, speaks coming out of the dore.*

COMMVNIS SENSVS. PHANTASTES.

COM.S. I cannot stay, I tell you 'tis more then time I were at Court, I know my Soueraigne *Psyche* hath expected me this houre.

PH. In good time, yonder comes *Common sense*, I imagine it should bee hee by his voice.

COM.S. Craue my counsell, tell me what manner of man he is? Can hee entertaine a man into his house, can hee hold his Veluet Cap in one hand, and vale his Bonnet with the other? knowes hee how to become a Scarlet Gowne, hath hee a paire of fresh posts at his dore?

PHAN. Hee's about some hasty State-matters, hee talkes of posts me-thinkes,

COM.S. Can hee part a couple of Dogs brawling in the streete? why then chuse him Maior, vpon my credits he le proue a wise Officer.

PH. Saue you my Lord, I haue attended your leisure this houre.

COM.S. Fie vpon't what a toile haue I had to choose them a Mayor yonder? there's a fustie Currier will haue this man; ther's a Chandler wipes his nose on his sleee, and sweares it shall not bee so. There's a Mustermaker lookes as keene as viniger will haue another: O this many headed-multitude, it's a hard matter to please them.

PH. Especially where the multitude is so wel-headed. But I pray you where's Maister *Memory*? hath he forgotten himselfe that he is not here?

COM.S. 'Tis high time he were at Court, I would he would come.

LINGVA.

ACT.2. SCEN.4.

MEMORIE, *an old decrepit man, in a black Velvet Cassock, a Taffata Cowne fur-
red, with white Grogaram, a white beard, Velvet slippers, a Watch, Staffe, &c.*
ANAMNESTES *his Page, in a gray Satin face purple, Buskins, a Garland of
Bayes and Rosemary, a gimmel Ring with one linke hanging, Ribbands and
Threeds tyed to some of his fingers; in his hand a paire of Table-bookes, &c.*

MEMORY. ANAMNESTES. PHANTATES.

COMMVNIS SENSVS.

MEM. How soone a wise man shall haue his wish.

COM. SE. *Memory* the season of your comming is very ripe.

PH. Had you staid a little longer 'twould haue bene starke rotten.

MEM. I am glad I sau'd it from the Swine — 'Spretious I haue forgot
something. O my purse, my purse, why *Anamnestes*, Remembrance where
art thou? *Anamnestes*, Remembrance, that vile Boy is alwaies gadding, I re-
member he was at my heeles euen now, & now the vile Rascall is vanisht.

PHAN. Is he not here? why then in my imagination he's left behind,
ô la! *Anamnestes*, Remembrance.

AN. *(Running in hast.)* Anon anon sir, anon anon sir, anon anon sir,
anon anon sir. MEM. Ha sirra, what a brawling's here?

AN. I do but giue you an answer with anon Sir.

MEM. You answered sweetely, I haue cal'd you three or foure times
one after another.

AN. Sir, I hope I answered you three or foure times, one in the necke
of another. But if your good Worship haue lent me any more calls, tell
me, and I'll repay them as I am a Gentleman.

MEM. Leaue your rattle, had you come at first I had not spent so much
breath in vaine.

AN. The truth is Sir, the first time you called, I heard you not, the se-
cond I vnderstood you not, the third I knew not whether it were you or
no; the fourth I could not tell where you were, and that's the reason I an-
swered so suddenly.

MEM. Go sirra, runne, seeke euery where, I haue lost my purse some
where.

AN. I go sir, Go sirra, seeke, runne, I haue lost, bring, here's a Dogges
life with a poxe. Shal I bee alwaies vsde like a water-Spaniell? *Exit Anam.*

COM. S. Come good Maister Register, I wonder you bee so late
now-adaies.

MEM. My good Lord, I remember that I knew your Grand-father in
this your place, and I remember your Grand-fathers great Grand-fathers,
Grand-fathers Fathers, Father, yet in those daies I neuer remember that

any of them could say, that *Register Memory* euer broke one minute of his appointment.

COM.S. Why good Father, why are you so late now a daies?

MEM. Thus 'tis, the most customers I remember my selfe to haue, are (as your Lord-ship knowes) Schollers, and now a daies the most of them are become Crittickes, bringing me home such packy things to lay vp for them, that I can hardly finde them againe.

PHAN. *Iupiter, Iupiter*, I had thought these flies had bit none but my selfe, do Crittickes tickle you yfaith?

MEM. Very familiarly, for they must know of me, for-sooth, how euery idle word is written, in all the musty, moath-eaten *Mann-scripts*, kept in all the old Libraries in euery City betwixt *England* and *Pern.* (is requisite.

COM. Indeed I haue noted these times to affect Antiquities more then

MEM. I remember in the age of *Assaracum* and *Ninus*, and about the warres of *Thobes*, and the siege of *Troy*, there was few things committed to my charge, but those that were wel-worthy the preserving; but now euery trifles must be wrapt vp in the volume of eternity, Arch Pudding-wife, or a Cobler, cannot die, but I must immortalize his name with an Epitaph: A dog cannot pisse in a Noble-mans shoe, but it must be sprinkled into the Chronicles, so that I neuer could remember my Treasure more full, and neuer emptier of honourable, and true heroycall actions.

PH. By your leaue *Memory* you are not alone troubled, Chronologers many of them, are so phantasticke, as when they bring a Captaine to the Combate, lifting vp his reuengefull arme to dispart the head of his enemy, they'le hold vp his armes so long; till they haue bestowed three or foure Pages in describing the gold Hilts of his threatening Faulchion. So that in my fancy the Reader may well wonder his aduersary stabs him not before he strikes; Moreouer they are become most palpable flatterers, alwaies begging at my gates for Inuention.

COM. This is a great fault in a Chronologer to turne Parasite; An absolute History should bee in feare of none, neither should hee write any thing more then truth for friend-ship, or lesse for hate, but keepe himselfe equall and constant in all his discourses; but for vs we must be contented, for as our honours encrease, so must the burthen of the cares of our offices yrge vs to waxe heauy.

PH. But not till our backs breake, S'lud there was neuer any so hanted as I am; This day there comes a Sophister to my house, knockes at my dore, his errand being ask'd, forsooth, his answer was to borrow a faire sute of conceits out of my Wardrop, to apparell a shew hee had in hand, and what thinke you is the plot?

COM.S. Nay I know not, for I am little acquainted with such toies.

LINGVA.

PHAN. Meane-while he's some-what acquainted with you, for hee's bold to bring your person vpon the stage.

COM.S. What me? I cannot remember that I was euer brought vpon the stage before.

PHAN. Yes, you, and you, and my selfe, with all my Phantastical tricks and humors; but I trow, I haue fitted him with Fooleries, I trust he'll neuer trouble me againe.

COM.S. O times, ô manners! when Boyes dare to traduce men in authority; was euer such an attempt heard?

MEM. I remember there was. For (to say the truth) at my last being at *Athens* (It is now, let me see, about 1800 yeares agoe) I was at a Comedie of *Aristophanes* making, (I shall neuer forget it) The Arch-gouernor of *Athens* tooke me by the hand and placed me, and there I say, I saw *Socrates* abused most grossely, him selfe being then a present spectator; I remember he sat full against me, and did not so much as shew the least countenance of discontent.

COM. In those daies it was lawfull, but now the abuse of such liberty is vn sufferable.

PHAN. Thinke what you will of it, I thinke 'tis done, and I thinke it is acting by this time; harke, harke, what drumming's yonder, I'll lay my life they are come to present the shew I spake off.

COM.S. It may be so; stay, wee'll see what 'tis.

ACT.2. SCEN.5.

LINGVA. MENDACIO. COMMVNIS SENSVS.

and the rest.

LING. Faine thy selfe in great hast.

MEND. I warrant you Madam: I doubt 'tis in vaine to runne, by this they are all past ouer-taking.

COM.S. Is not this *Lingua* that is in such hast?

PHAN. Yes, yes, stand still. MEND. I must speake with him.

COM.S. With whom?

MEND. Assure your selfe they are all at Court ere this.

LING. Runne after them; for vnlesse he know it— COM. *Lingua.*

LING. O, is't your Lordship? I beseech you pardon mee, hast, and feare, I protest, put out my eyes: I lookt so long for you, that I knew not when I had found you.

PHAN. In my conceite, that's like the man that enquired who saw his Asse, when him selfe rid on him:

LING. O my heart beates so, fie, fie, fie, fie.

MEND. I am so weary so, so, so, so.

LINGVA.

COM. I prethee *Lingua* make an end.

LING. Let me beginne first I beseech you, but if you will needs haue the end first, thus 'tis. The common-wealth of *Myrocosome* at this instant, suffers the pangues of death, 'tis gasping for breath. Will you haue all 'tis poisoned.

PHAN. What Potheary durst be so bold as make such a confection? ha, what poison is't? LING. A Golden Crowne.

MEM. I mistake, or else *Galen* in his booke *De sanitate tuenda*, commends gold as restorative. COM.S. *Lingua* expresse your selfe.

MEND. Madam if you want breath let me helpe you out.

LING. I prethee do, do.

MEND. My Lord, the report is, that *Mercury* comming late into this country, in this very place, left a Coronet with this Inscription: *That the best of the fine should haue it*, which the Senses thinking to belong vnto them —

LING. Challenge each other, and are now in armes, an't like your Lord-ship. COM.S. I protest it likes not mee.

LING. Their battails are, not farre hence, ready rang'd.

COM. O monstrous presumption! what shall we do?

MEM. My Lord, in your great Grand-fathers time, there was, I remember such a breach amongst them, therefore my counsell is, that after his example, by the strength of your authority you conuent them before you.

COM. *Lingua* go presently, command the Senses vpon their alleageance to our dread Soueraigne Queene *Psyche*, to dismisse their companies, and personally to appeare before mee without any pretence of excuse.

LING. I go my Lord.

PH. But heere you Madam, I pray you let your Pages tongue walke with vs a little, till you returne againe. LING. With all my heart.

Exit Lingua.

ACT. 2. SCEN. 6.

PH. Hot youths I protest, saw you those war-like preparations?

MEND. Lately, my Lords, I spide into the Arme,
But oh, 'tis farre beyond my reach of wit
Or strength of vtterance to describe their forces.

COM.S. Go to, speake what thou canst.

MEND. Vpon the right hand of a spacious Hill,
Proud *Vissu* marshalleth a puissant Army,
Three thousand Eagles strong, whose valiant Captaine,
Is *Iones* swift Thunder-beater, that same Bird,

That

LINGVA.

That hoist vp *Ganimede* from the *Trojan* plaines:
 The vant-gard strengthned with a wondrous flight
 Of Faulcons, Haggards, Hobbies, Terseles,
 Lánards and Goshaukes, Spar-haukes, and rauenous Birds.
 The re-reward granted to *Auditus* charge
 Is stoutly followed with an impetuous heard
 Of stiffe-neckt Buls, and many horne-mad Stagges,
 Of the best head the Forrest can afford.

PHAN. I promise you a fearefull troupe of Souldiers.

MEND. Right opposite stands *Tactus* strongly man'd,
 With three thousand bristled Vrchins for his Pike-men;
 Foure hundredth Tortesses for Elephants,
 Besides a monstrous troupe of vgly Spiders,
 Within an ambushment he hath commanded
 Of their owne guts to spinne a cordage fine,
 Whereof t'haue fram'd a net (ò wondrous worke)
 That fastned by the concaue of the *Moone*,
 Spreads downe it selfe to th'earths circumference.

(time.

MEM. 'Tis very strange, I cannot remember the like Engine at any

MEND. Nay more my Lord, the maskes are made so strong,
 That I my selfe vpon them scal'd the heauens,
 And boldly walk't about the middle Region,
 Where in the Prouince of the Meteors,
 I saw the cloudy shops of Haile and Raine,
 Garners of Snow, and Christals full of dew,
 Riuers of burning Arrowes, Dens of Dragons,
 Huge beames of Flames, and Speares like Fire-brands,
 Where I beheld hot *Mars* and *Mercury*,
 With Rackets made of Speares, and Balles of Starres,
 Playing at Tennis for a Tunne of Nectar:
 And that vast gaping of the Firmament
 Vnder the Southerne-pole, is nothing else
 But the great hazard of their Tennis Court:
 The Zodiacke is the line. The shooting Starres,
 Which in an eye-bright euening seem'd to fall,
 Are nothing but the Bals they loose at Bandy.
 Thus hauing tooke my pleasure with those sights,
 By the same net I went vp I descended.

COM.S. Well Sirra to what purpose tends this Stratagem?

MEND. None know directly, but I thinke it is,
 T' intrap the Eagles, when the Battails ioyne.

LINGVA.

PH. Who takes *Tactus* his part?

MEND: Vnder the standard of thrice hardy *Tactus*
Thrice valiant *Gustus* leades his warlike Forces,
An endlesse multitude of desperate Apes,
Fiue hundred Marmosets, and long-tail'd Monkeys,
All trained to the field, and nimble Gunners.

PHA. Imagine there's old mouing amongst them; me-thinkes a handfull of nuts would turne them all out of their Souldiers coats.

MEND. Ramparts of Pasty-crust and sorts of Pies,
Entrench'd with dishes full of Custard-stuffe
Hath *Gustus* made; and planted Ordinance,
Strange ordinance, Cannons of hollow Canes
Whose powder's Rape-seed, charged with Turnip-shot.

MEM. I remember in the Country of *Tropia*, they vse no other kind of Artillery. COM.S. But what's become of *Olfactus*?

MEND. He pollitickely leanes to neither part,
But stands betwixt the Camps as at receite,
Hauing great wine his Pioners to entrench them.

PHA. In my foolish imagination *Olfactus* is very like the Goddesse of victory that neuer takes any part but the Conquerers.

MEND. And in the woods he placed secretly,
Two hundred couple of Hounds and hungry Mastiffs:
And ore his head, houer at his commande,
A cloud of Vultures, which o're spred the light,
Making a night before the day be done
But to what end not knowne but fear'd of all.

PHA. I coniecture he intendes to see them fight, and after the battell to feede his Dogs, Hogs, and Vultures vpon the muredred carcases.

MEND. My Lord, I thinke the fury of their anger will not be obedient to the message of *Lingua*, for otherwise in my conceite they should haue bene here ere this: with your L. good liking wee'le attend vpon you to see the field for more certaintie. It shall be so; Come Maister Register let's walk.

Exeunt Omnes.

Actus. 3. Scœna. I.

ANAMNESTES, with a purse in his hand.

AN. Forsooth, *Oblivio* shut the dore vpon me, I could come no sooner, ha? is hee not here? O excellent. Would I were hang'd but I lookt for a sound rap on the pate and that made me before hand to list vp this excuse

LINGVA.

for a Buckler, I know hee is not at Court, for heere is his purse, without which warrant there's no comming thither, wherefore now *Anamnestes* sport thy selfe a little, while thou art out of the prison of his company. What shall I do? by my troth anatomize his purse in his absence. *Plutus* send there be Jewels in it, that I may finely geld it of the stones—— The best surelies in the bottome—— pox on't here's nothing but a company of worme-eaten papers; what's this? *Memorandum* that Maister *Prodigo* owes mee foure thousand pounds, and that his lands are in pawne for it: *Memorandum* that I owe; that he owes, 'tis well the old slaue hath some care of his credite, to whom owes he trow I? that I owe *Anamnestes* what me? I neuer lent him any thing; ha this is good, there's some-thing comming to me more then I look'd for. Come on, what is't, *Memorandum* that I owe *Anamnestes*—— a breeching; I faith Sir I will ease you of that payment. (*Hee reads the Bill*) *Memorandum* that when I was a child *Robusto* tript vp my heeles at foote-ball: What a reuengefull dizard's this?

ACT.3. SCEN.2.

MENDACIO, with Cushions under his armes, trips vp Anamnestes heeles.

MENDACIO. ANAMNESTES.

AN. How now.

MEND. Nothing, but lay you vpon a Cushion Sir, how so?

AN. Nothing but lay the Cushion vpon you Sir?

MEND. What my little *Nam*? by this foote I am sorry I mistooke thee.

AN. What my little *Men*? by this hand it grieues me I tooke thee so for right. But sirra whither with these Cushions?

MEND. To lay them here that the Iudges may sit softly least my Lady *Lingua's* cause go hard with her.

AN. They should haue bene wrought with gold, these will do nothings. But what makes thy Lady with the Iudges?

MEND. Pish, know'st not thee sueth for the Title of a Sense, as well as the rest that beare the name of the *Pentarchy*?

AN. Will *Common-Sense* and my Maister, leaue their affaires to determine that controuerisie? MEND. Then thou hear'st nothing.

AN. What should I heare?

MEN. All the Senses fell out about a Crowne false from heauen and pitcht a field for it, but Vice-gerent *Common-sense* hearing of it tooke vpon him to vmpire the contention, in which regard he hath appointed them (their armes dismissed) to appeare before him, charging euery one to bring, as it were in a shew, their proper objects, that by them he may determine of their seuerall excellencies.

AN. When is all this? MEN. As soone as they can possible prouide.

AN. But can he tell which deserues best by their objects?

MEN. No not onely, for euery Sense must describe his Instrument, that is his house where hee performes his daily duty, so that by the Object and the Instrument, my Lord can with great ease discern their place and dignities.

AN. His Lord-ships very wife.

MEN. Thou shalt heare all anon, fine Maister Phantaster, and thy Maister will bee here shortly. But how is t my little Rogue? me-thinkes thou look'st leane vpon't.

AN. Alas how should I do otherwise, that lie all night with such a raw-bond *Skeleton* as *Memory*, and runne all day on his Errands. The Churle's growne so old and forgetfull, that euery house he's calling *Anamnestes*, remembrance, where art *Anamnestes*? Then presently some-thing's lost, poore I must runne for it, and these words, runne Boy, Come Sirra, quick, quicke, quicke, are as familiar with him as the Cough, neuer out one's mouth.

MEN. Alacke, alacke poore Rogue, I see my fortunes are better, my Lady loues me exceedingly, shee is alwaies kissing me, so that (I tell thee *Nam*) *Mendacio's* neuer from betwixt her lippes.

AN. Nor out of *Memoris* mouth, but in a worse sort, alwaies exercising my stumps, and which is more when hee fauours best, then I am in the worst taking. MEN. How so.

AN. Thus, when wee are friends, then must I come and bee dandled vpon his palse-quaking knees, and he'll tell mee a long story of his acquaintance with King *Priamus*, and his familiarity with *Nesfor*, and how hee plaid at blow-point with *Iupiter* when hee was in his side-coats, and how he went to looke Bird-nests with *Athaus*, and where he was at *Deu-calions* flood, and twenty such old-wiues-tales.

MEN. I wonder hee being so old can talke so much.

AN. Nature thou know'st, (knowing what an vnruly Engine the tongue is) hath set teeth round about for watch-men, Now Sir, my Maister's old age hath caught out all his teeth, and that's the cause it runnes so much at liberty. MEN. Phylosophicall?

AN. O but there's one-thing stings me to the very heart to see an vgly foule, idle, fat, dusty, clog-head, called *Obliuio*, preferred before me, dost know him?

MEN. Who I, I; But care not for his acquaintance, hang him blocke-head, I could neuer abide him. Thou Remembrance art the onely friend that the armes of my friendship shall embrace, Thou hast heard *Oportet mendacem esse memorem*. But what of *Obliuio*.

AN. The very naming of him hath made me forget my selfe, O, O, O, O, that

LINGVA.

that Rascall is so made of euery where. MEN. Who *Oblivio*?

AN. I, for our Courtiers hug him continually in their vngratefull bodies, and your smoth-belly, fat-backe, barrel-pancht, tun-gutted drones are neuer without him, as for *Memory* he's a false-hearted-fellow, he alwaies deceiues them, they respect not him, except it bee to play a game at *Chests, Primero, Sauns, Maw*, or such like.

MEND. I cannot thinke such fellows haue to doe with *Oblivio* since they neuer got any thing to forget.

AN. Againe, these prodigall Swaggerers that are so much bound to their Creditors, if they haue but one Crosse about them, thei'le spend it in wine vpon *Oblivio*. MEND. To what purpose I prethee?

AN. Onely in hope hee'le wash them in the Lethe of their cares.

MEND. Why then no man cares for thee.

AN. Yes, a company of studious paper-wormes, and leane Schollers, and niggardly scraping Vsurers, and a troupe of heart-eating enuious persons, and those canker-stomackt spitefull creatures, that furnish vp common place-bookes with other men faults. The time hath beene in those golden daies when *Saturne* reigned, that if a man receiued a benefite of another, I was presently sent for to put him in minde of it, but now in these Iron-after-noones, saue your friends life, and *Oblivio* will be more familiar with him then you.

ACTVS.3. SCENA.3.

HEVRESIS. MENDACIO. ANAMNESTES.

HEVR. *Phantastes* not at Court? is't possible? 'tis the strangest accident that euer was heard of, I had thought the Ladies and Gallants would neuer lie without him.

AN. Hift, hift, *Mendacio* I prethee obserue *Heuresti*, it seemes hee cannot finde his Maister, that's able to finde out all things; and art thou now at a fault, canst not finde out thine owne Maister? nor?—Ple try one more way. Oyes. MEND. What a proclamation for him?

AN. I, I, his nimble head is alwaies full of proclamations.

HEVR. Oyes, MEND. But doth he cry in the Wood?

AN. O good sir, and good reason, for euery beast hath *Phantastie* at his pleasure.

HEV. Oyes, if any man can tell any tidings, of a spruce, neate, apish, nimble, fine, foolish, absurd, humerous, conceited, phantasticke Gallant, with hollow eies, sharpe looke, swart complexion, meager face; wearing as many toyes in his apparell as fooleries in his look and gesture, let him come forth and certifie me thereof, and he shall haue for his reward—

ANA. I can tell you where he is, what shall he haue?

LINGVA.

HEVR. A box o'the eare sirra, (*snappe*)

ANAM. How now Inuention, are you so quicke fingered? i' faith there's your principall sirra, (*snappe*) and here's the interest ready in my hand (*snappe*)

They fall together by the eares.

Yea, haue you found out scratching? now I remember me.

HEVR. Do you bite you Rascall,

MEND. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, here's the lively picture of this Axiome, *A quicke Inuention, and a good Memory can neuer agree*: Fie, fie, fie *Heuresis*, beate him when he's downe?

ANAM. Prethee let's alone, proud Iaske-an-apes, I'l e—

HEVR. What will you do?

ANAM. Vntrusse thy points and whip thee, thou paltry—
Let me go *Mendacio* if thou loust me, shall I put vp the—

MEND. Come, come, come, you shall fight no more in good faith: *Heuresis*, your Maister will catch you anon.

HEVR. My Maister, where is he?

MEND. I'l bring you to him, come away.

HEVR. *Anamnestes*, I scorne that thou shouldst thinke I go away for feare of any thing thou canst do vnto mee; here's my hand as soone as thou canst picke the least occasion, put vp thy finger, I am for thee.

Exit Mendacio and Heuresis.

AN. When thou dar'st *Heuresis*, when thou darst, I'l be as ready as thy selfe at any time.

This *Heuresis*, this Inuention, is the proudest Iack-an-apes, the peardest selfe-conceited Boy that euer breath'd; because, forsooth, some odde Poet, or some such phantasticke fellows, make much on him, there's no ho with him, the vile dandi-prat will o're-looke the proudest of his acquaintance; But well I remember me, I learn't a trick t'other day to bring a boy o're the Thigh finely, if he come i' faith I'l tickle him with it.

Mendacio comes running backe in great hast.

MEND. As I am a Rascall *Nam* they are all comming, I see Maister Register trudging hither, as fast as his three feete will carry vp his foure Ages.

Exit Mendacio.

ACTVS.3. SCENA.4.

MEMORIA. ANAMNESTES.

MEM. Ah you leaden heel'd Rascall. (you make?)

ANAM. Here 'tis Sir, I haue it, I haue it. MEM. Is this all the hast

ANAM. An't like your Worship your clog-head *Oblivio* went before me, and foil'd the traile of your foote-steps, that I could hardly vndertake the quest of your purse, forsooth.

LINGVA.

MEM. You might haue bene here long ere this: Come hither firra, come hither; what must you go round about? goodly, goodly, you are so full of circumstances.

AN. In truch Sir, I was here before, and missing you, went backe into the Citty, fought you in euery Ale-house, Inne, Tauerne, Dicing-house, Tennis-Court, Stewes, and such like places, likely to finde your Worship in.

MEM. Ha villaine, am I a man likely to be found in such places? ha?

AN. No, no sir; sir but I was told by my Lady *Lingua's* page, that your Worship was seeking mee, therefore I enquired for you in those places where I knew you would aske for me, and it please your Worship.

MEM. I remember another quarrell firra; but well, well, I haue no leasure.

ACT. 3. SCENA. 5.

COMMVNIS SENSVS. LINGVA. PHANTASTES.

MEMORY. ANAMNESTES.

COM.S. *Lingua*, the Senses by our appointment anon are to present their objects before vs; seeing therefore they be not in readinesse, wee license you in the meane while, either, in your owne person, or by your Advocate, to speake what you can for your selfe.

LING. My Lord, If I should bring before your Honour all my friends ready to importune you in my behalfe, I should haue so many Reticicians, Logitians, Lawyers; and, which is more, so many Women to attend me, that this Groue would hardly containe the Company; wherefore, to auoide the tediousnesse, I will lay the whole cause vpon the tip of mine owne tongue.

COM.S. Be as brieue as the necessity of our short time requires.

LING. My Lord, though the *Imbecillitas* of my feeble sexe, might draw mee backe from this Tribunal, with the *habenis*, to wit, *Timoris*, and the *Catenis Pudoris*, notwithstanding being so fairely led on with the gracious inticements of your *iustissima* *disputations*. Especially so *alpremente spurâ con gli sproni di necessitâ* *impungente*, I will, without the helpe of Orators, commit the *totam salutem* of my action to the *Volubilitati* τῆς γλωττίδος, Which (*auec vostre bonne playseur*) I will finish with more then *Laconicâ breuitate*.

COM.S. What's this? here's a Gallemaufry of speech indeed.

MEM. I remember about the yeare 1602 many vsed this skew kinde of language: Which, in my opinion, is not much vnlike the man *Platony* the sonne of *Lagus* King of *Egypt*, brought for a spectacle, halfe white, halfe blacke.

COM.S. I am perswaded these same Language-makers haue the very

quality of cold in their wit, that freezeth all *Heterogeneall* Languages together, congealing *Engliſh* Tynne, *Grecian* Gold, *Romane* Lattin all in a lump.

P H A. Or rather, in my imagination, like your phantaſticall Gulsaparell, wearing a *Spaniſh* Felt, a *French* Doublet, a *Granado* Stocking, a *Dutch* Slop, an *Italian* Cloake, with a *Weleſh* Friſe Jerkin.

C O M. S. Well, leaue your toying, wee cannot plucke the leaſt feather from the ſoft wing of time. Therefore *Lingua* go on, but in a more formall manner, you know an ingenious Oration muſt neither ſwell about the Bankes, with inſolent words; nor creepe too ſhallow in the ford, with vulgar termes; but runne equally, ſmooth, and cheerefull through the cleane current of a pure ſtile.

L I N G. My Lord, this one thing is ſufficient to confirme my worth to bee equall, or better then the Senſes, whoſe beſt operations are nothing till I poliſh them with perfection; for their knowledge is onely of things preſent, quickly ſublimed with the deſt file of time, whereas the tongue is able to recount things paſt, and often pronounce things to come, by this meanes re-edifying ſuch Excellencies, as Time and Age doe eaſily depopulate.

C O M. S. But what profitable ſeruiſe doe you vndertake for our dread Queene *Pſyche*?

L I N G. O! how I am raviſht to thinke how infinitely ſhee hath graced mee with her moſt acceptable ſeruiſe. But about all (which you Maiſter Register well remember) when her Highneſſe taking my mouth for her inſtrument, with the Bowe of my tongue, ſtrooke ſo heavenly a touch vpon my teeth, that ſhee charmed the very Tigers a ſleepe, the lyſtning Beares and Lyons, to couch at her ſecte, while the Hilles leaped, and the Woods danced, to the ſweete harmony of her moſt Angelicall accents;

M E M. I remember it very well, *Orpheus* plaid vpon the Harpe while ſhe ſang, about ſome foure yeares after the contention betwixt *Apollo* and *Pan*, and a little before the exoriation of *Marsyas*.

A N. By the ſame token the Riuer *Alpheus*, at that time, purſuing his beloued *Arethuſa*, diſchanel'd himſelfe of his former courſe to be pertaker of their admirable conſort, and the muſicke being ended, thruſt himſelfe head-long into the earth, the next way to follow his amorous chaſe; if you go to *Arcadia* you ſhall ſee his coming vp againe.

C O M. S. Forward *Lingua* with your reaſon.

L I N G. How oft hath her Excellency imployed me as Embaſſadour in her moſt vrgent affaires to forreigne Kings and Emperours, I may ſay to the Goddes themſelues? How many bloudleſſe battels haue my

LINGVA.

perswasions attained, when the Senses forces haue bene vanquished? How many Rebels haue I reclaimed, when her sacred authority was little regarded? Her Lawes (without exprobaton be it spoken) had bene altogether vnpublished, her will vnperformed; her illustrious deeds vnrenowned, had not the siluer sound of my Trumpet filled the whole circuit of the Vniuerse with her deserued fame? Her Citties would dissolue, Traffique would decay, friend-ships bee broken, were not my speech the knot, *Mercury* and *Mastique*, to binde, defend, and glew them together. What shall I say more? I can neuer speake enough of the vnspeakeable praise of speech, wherein I can find no other imperfection at all, but that the most exquisite power and excellency of speech, cannot sufficiently expresse the exquisite power and excellency of speaking.

COM.SEN. *Lingua* your seruice and dignity we confesse to be great, ne'rthelessse these reasons prove you not to haue the nature of a Sense.

LING. By your Lordships fauour, I can soone proue that a Sense is a faculty by which our Queene sitting in her priuy Chamber hath intelligence of exterior occurrents, That I am of this nature I proue thus.
The object which I callenge is ————— Enter Appetitus in haste.

APP. Stay, stay my Lord, defer I beseech, defer the iudgement.

COM.S. Who's this that boldly interrupts vs thus? hum.

APP. My name is *Appetitus*, common seruant to the Pentarchy of the Senses, who vnderstanding that your Honour was handling this action of *Linguaes* sent mee hither thus hastily, most humbly requesting the Bench to consider these Articles they alleage against her, before you proceed to iudgement.

COM.S. Hum, here's good stuffe, Maister Register reade them: *Appetitus* you may depart and bid your Mistresse make conuenient speed.

APP. At your Lordships pleasure.

Exit Appetitus.

MEM. I remember that I forgot my spectacles, I left them in the 349. page of *Halles Chronicle*, where he tels a great wonder of a multitude of Mice which had almost destroyed the Countrey, but that there resorted a great mighty flight of Owles that destroyed them; *Anamnestes* reade these Articles distinctly.

I. AR. ANAM. *Inprimis* we accuse *Lingua* of high Treason and sacrilege, against the most Honourable Common-wealth of Letters, for vnder pretence of profiting the people with Translations, shee hath most vilyle prostituted the hard mysteries of vnknowne Languages to the prophane eares of the vulgar.

PH. This is as much as to make a new hell in the vpper world, for in Hell they say *Alexander* is no better then a Cobler, and now by these Translations euery Cobler is as familiar with *Alexander*, as he that wrote his life.

LINGVA.

2. Art. ANAM. *Item* that shee hath wrongfully imprisoned a Lady called *Veritas*.

3. Art. *Item* that she's a Witch, and exerciseth her tongue in exorcismes.

4. Art. *Item* that she's a common whore, and lets euery one lie with her.

5. Art. *Item* that shee railes on men in Authority, deprauing their Honours with bitter iests and tauntes, and that she's a backe-byter, setting striffe betwixt bosome friends.

6. Art. *Item* that shee lends wiues weapons to fight against their husbands.

7. Art. *Item* that she maintains a traine of prating petty-foggers, prouling-Summers, smoth-tongu'd Bawdes, Art-lesse Emperickes, hungry-Parasites, Newes-carriers, Ianglers, and such like idle companions, that delude the Commonalty.

8. Art. *Item* that she made Rethorique wanton, Logicke to babble, Astronomy to lie.

9. Art. *Item*, that she is an incontinent Tef-tale.

10. Art. *Item* (which is the last and worst) that shee's a Woman in euery respect, and for these causes not to bee admitted to the dignity of a Sense. That these Articles bee true weepawne our honours, and subscribe our names.

1. *Visus*. 4. *Olfactus*.

3. *Gustus*.

2. *Auditus*. 5. *Tactus*.

COM.S. *Lingua*, these be shrewde allegations, and, as I thinke, vn-answerable; I will deferre the iudgement of your cause till I haue finished the contention of the Senses.

LING. Your Lordships must bee obeyed, but as for them most vngratefull and perfidious wretches.

COM.S. Good words become you better, you may depart if you will, till we send for you. *Anamnestes* runne, remember *Visus*, 'tis time he were ready.

ANAM. I Go. (*Exit ANAM. & redit*) hee staies here, expecting your Lordships pleasure.

ACTVS.3. SCENA.6.

A Page carrying a Southcion argens, charged with an Eagle displayed proper, then Vilus with a Fanne of Peacockes Fethers, next Lumen with a Crowne of Bayes, and a Shield with a bright Sunne in it, apparalled in Tyssne, then a Page bearing a Shield before Cœlum, clad in Azure Tassata, dimpled with Stars, a Crowne of Starres on his head, and a Scarfe resembling the Zodiacke over-

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shewt the shoulders; next a Page, clad in greene with a terrestriall Globe before Terra, in a greene velvet Gowne, stuck with branches, and flowers, a Crowne of Turrets upon her head, in her hand a key; then a Herauld, leading in his hand Colour, clad in changeable Silke, with a Raine-bow out of a Clond on her head, last a Boy: Visus marshalleth his show about the Stage, and presents it before the Bench.

VISVS. LVMEN. COELVM. PHANTASTES.
COMMVNIS SENSVS. MEMORY.

VIS. Lo here the object that delights the sight,
The goodliest objects that mans heart can wish,
For all things that the Orbe first moueable,
Wrappes in the circuite of his large-stretcht armes,
Are subiect to the power of *Visus* eyes,
That you may know what profite light doth bring,
Note *Lumens* words that speakes next following.

LVMEN. *Light*, the faire Grand-child to the glorious Sunne,
Opening the casements of the Rosie Morne,
Makes the abashed heauens soone to shunne,
The vgly darkenesse it embrac'd before;
And at his first appearance puts to flight,
The vtmost reliques of the hel-borne night.
This heauenly sheild soone as it is displaid,
Dismayes the vices, that abhorre the light:
To wanderers by Sea and Land giue aide,
Conquers display, re-comforteth affright,
Rowseth dull Idlenesse, and starts soft sleepe,
And all the world to daily labour keepe.
This a true looking glasse impartiall,
Where Beauties selfe, her selfe doth beautifie,
With natiue hue, not artificiall,
Discovering falshood, opening verity.
The daies bright eye, colours distinction;
Iust iudge of measure and proportion.
The onely meanes by which each mortall eie,
Sends messengers to the wide Firmament,
That to the longing soule brings presently
High contemplation and deepe wonderment:
By which aspiement she her wings displaies,
And her selfe thither whence shee came vprais'd,

LINGVA.

PH A. What blew thing's that, that's dappled so with Starres?

VIS. He represents the heauen.

PH A. In my conceite it were pretty, if he thundred when he speakes.

VIS. Then none could vnderstand him.

COEL. Tropicke coulours the Equinoctiall,
The Zodiacke poles, and line Eclipticall,
The Nadaz, Zenith, and Anomalies,
The Azimuth and Ephimerides,
Starres, Orbes, and Planets, with their motions,
The Orientall Regradations,
Excentricks, Epicyctes, and—and—and—

PH. How now *Visus*, is your heauen at a stay?

Or is it his *Motus trepidationis* that makes him stammer?

I pray you *Memory* set him agate againe.

MEM. I remember when *Iupiter* made *Amphitrio* Cuckold, and lay with his wife *Altemena*, *Calum* was in this taking for three daies space, and stood still iust like him at a *non plus*.

COM.S. Leaue your iesting, you'll put the fresh Actor out of countenance. COEL. Excentricks, Epicyctes, and Aspects,

In Sextile, Trine, and Quadrate, which effects

Wonders on earth; also the Oblique part

Of signes, that make the day both long and short,

The Constellations rising Cosmicall,

Setting of Starres, Chronicke, and Heliacall,

In the Orizon or Meridionall.

And all the skill in deepe Astronomic;

Is to the soule deriued by the eie.

PH. *Visus*, you haue made *Calum* an heauenly speech, past earthly capacity, it had bene as good for him he had thundred. But I pray you who taught him speake to and vse no action? me-thinkes it had bene excellent to haue turn'd round about in his speech.

VIS. He hath so many motions he knows not which to begin withal.

PH A. Nay rather it seemes he's of *Copernicus* opinion, and that makes him stand still.

*Terra comes to the midst of the Stage, stands still
a while, saith nothing, and steps backe.*

COM.S. Let's heare what *Terra* can say—iust nothing.

VIS. And it like your Lordship, 'twere an *indecorum* *Terra* should speake.

MEM. You are deceiu'd, for I remember when *Phaeton* rul'd the Sun, I shall neuer forget him, he was a very pretty youth, the Earth opened her mouth wide, and spoke a very good speech to *Iupiter*.

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AN. By the same token *Nylus* hid his head then, he could neuer finde it since.

PHA. You know *Memory* that was an extreme hot day, and 'tis likely *Terra* sweate much, and so tooke cold presently after, that euer since shee hath lost her voyce.

HERAULD. A *Canton Ermines* added to the field, is a sure signe the man that bore these Armes, was to his Prince as a defensiu shield, sauing him from the force of present Armes.

PH. I know this fellow of old, 'tis a Herald, many a Centaure, Chimera, Barnacle, Crocodile, Hippotame and such like toyes, hath hee stolne out of the shop of my Inuention, to shape new coates for his vpstart Gentlemen. Either *Affrica* must breed more monsters, or you make fewer Gentlemen, Maister Herald, for you haue spent all my deuises already. But since you are here, let me aske you a question in your owne profession: How comes it to passe that the victorious Armes of *England* quartered with the conquered Coate of *France*, are not placed on the dexter side, but giue the Flower-deluce the better hand?

HER. Because that the three Lyons are one coate made of two French Duke-domes, *Normandy* and *Aquitaine*; but I pray you *Visus* what Iaye is that that followes him?

VIS. 'Tis *Color* an object of mine, subiect to his commandement.

PHAN. Why speakes he not?

VIS. He is so bashfull, he dares not speake for blushing, What thing is that? tell me without delay.

ABOY. that's nothing of it selfe, yet euery way
As like a Man, as a thing; like may bee,
And yet so vnlike as cleane contrary,
For in one point it euery way doth misse,
The right side of it a mans left side is,
'Tis lighter then a Feather, and withall
It fills no place, nor roome it is so small.

COM.S. How now *Visus* haue you brought a boy with a riddle to pose vs all.

PH. Pose vs all? and I heere; that were a iest indeed; My Lord, if hee haue a *Sphinx*, I haue an *Oedipus* assure your selfe, let's heare it once againe.

BOY. What thing is that Sir.

PHAN. This such a knoty *Enigma*? why my Lord, I thinke it's a Woman, for first a Woman is nothing of her-selfe, and againe shee is likest a man of anything. COM.S. But wherein is she vnlike?

PH. In euery thing, in peeuihnesse, in folly. ——— 'st Boy.

HER. In pride, deceite, prating, lying, cogging, coynes, spite, hate Sir.

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PHA. And in many moe such vices : Now hee may well say, the left side a mans right side is, for a crosse wife is alwaies contrary to her husband, euer contradicting what he wisheth for, like to the verse in *Martiall Velle tuum*, MEM. *Velle tuum nolo*, Dindine *nolle volo*.

PH. Lighter then a feather, doth any man make question of that?

MEM. They neede not, for I remember I saw a Cardinall weigh them once, and the Woman was found three graines lighter.

COM.S. 'Tis strange, for I haue seene Gentlewomen weare Feathers oftentimes, can they carry heauier things then themselves?

MEM. O sir, I remember, 'tis their onely delight to do so.

COM.S. But how apply you the last verse, it fills no place Sir?

PHAN. By my faith, that spoiles all the former, for these Fardingales take vp all the roome now a daies, 'tis not a woman questionlesse: Shall I bee put downe with a Riddle? sirrah *Heuresis* search the corners of your conceits, and finde it me quickly.

HEVR. Hay *ipsum, ipsum*. I haue it, 'tis a mans face in a looking-glasses.

PH. My Lord, 'tis so indeed, Sirrha let's see it, for do you see my right eye here? COM.S. What of your eye.

PH. O Lord sir, this kind of frowne is excellent, especially when 'tis sweetned with such a pleasing smile. COM.S. *Phantastes*?

PH. O sir, my left eie is my right in the glasse, do you see? by these lips my Garters hang so neatly, my Gloues and Shooes become my hands and feete so well: *Heuresis* tie my Shooes strings with a new knot;—this point was scarce well trust,——so, 'tis excellent,—— Looking-glasses were a passing inuention, I protest the fittest bookes for Ladies to study on——

MEM. Take heed you fall not in loue with your selfe *Phantastes*, as I remember: *Anamnestes*, who wast that died of the looking-disease?

AN. Forsooth *Narcissus*, by the same token he was turned to a Daffadill: And as he died for loue of himselfe, so (if you remember) there was an old ill-fauoured, pretious-nosed, babber-lipt, beetle-browed, Bleerey'd, slouch-ear'd-slaue that looking himselfe by chance in a glasse, died for pure hate. PH. By the lip of my---I could liue and die with this face.

COM.S. Fie, fie *Phantastes*, so effeminate for shame leaue off. *Visus* your objects I must needs say are admirable, if the house and instrument bee answerable, let's here therefore in brieffe your description.——

VIS. Vnder the fore-head of Mount *Cephalon*,
That ouer-peeres the coast of *Myrocosome*,
All in the shadow of two pleasant Groues,
Stand my two Mansion-houses, both as round
As the cleere heauens, both twins as like each other

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As Starre to Starre, which by the vulgar sort,
 For their resplendent composition,
 Are nam'd the bright eies of Mount *Cephalon*:
 With foure faire roomes, those lodgings are contriued.
 Foure goodly roomes in forme most Sphericall,
 Closing each other like the heauenly Orbes:
 The first whereof, of Natures substance wrought
 As a strange Moate the other to defend,
 Is trained moueable by Art Diuine
 Stirring the whole compacture of the rest:
 The second chamber is most curiously
 Composed of burnisht, and transparant horne.

PHAN. That's a matter of nothing, I haue knowne many haue such
 bed-chambers.

MEM. It may be so, for I remember being once in the Townes Libra-
 ry, I read such a thing in their great booke of Monuments called *Cornu-
 copia*, or rather their *Copia-Cornu*.

VIS. The third's a lesser roome of purest glasse,
 The fourth's smallest, but passeth all the former,
 In worth of matter, built most sumptuously:
 With wals trasparant of pure Christaline.
 This the soules mirrour, and the bodies guide,
 Loues Cabinet bright Beacons of the Realme,
 Casements of light quiuer of Cupids shafts:
 Wherein I sit and immediately receiue,
 The species of things corporeall,
 Keeping continuall watch and centinell
 Least forieigne hurt invade our *Microcosme*,
 And warning giue, (if pleasant things approach)
 To entertaine them; from this costly roome
 Leadeth, my Lord, an entry to your house,
 Through which I hourly to your selfe conuey
 Matters of wisdom by experience bred:
 Arts first inuention, pleasant vision,
 Deepe contemplation, that attires the soule
 In gorgeous robes of flowring literature.
 Then if that *Visus* haue deserued best,
 Let his victorious Brow, with Crowne be blest.

COM.S. *Anamnestes* see who's to come next.

ANAM. Presently my Lord.

PHAN. *Visus*, I wonder that amongst all your objects, you presented

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vs not with *Platoes Idea*, or the sight of *Ninine, Babylon, London*, or some Stur-bridge-faire-monsters, they would haue done passing well, those motions, in my imagination, are very delightfull.

VIS. I was loath to trouble your Honours with such toles, neither could I prouide them in so short a time.

COM.S. We will consider your worth, meane while wee dismisse you.

*Visus leads his swan about the Stage,
and so goeth out with it.*

ACT.3. SCEN.ultima.

AVDITVS. &c.

AVD. Hearke, hearke, hearke, hearke; peace, peace, O peace; O sweete, admirable, Swan-like, heauenly; hearke, O most mellifluous straine, O what a pleasant cloase was there, O full, most delicate.

COM.S. How now *Phaustas*, is *Auditus* mad?

PH. Let him alone, his muscalle head is alwaies full of odde crotchets.

AVD. Did you marke the dainty driuing of the last point? an excellent maintaining of the song, by the choise timpan of mine eare, I neuer heard a better, hift, ft, ft, hearke, why there's a cadence able to rauish the dullest Stoicke. COM.S. I know not what to thinke on him.

AVD. There, how sweetely the plaine-song was dissolued into descant? and how easily they came off with the last rest? hearke, hearke, the bitter-sweetest Achromaticke. COM.S. *Auditus*.

AVD. Thankes good *Apollo* for this timely grace, neuer could'st thou in fitter: O more then muscalle harmony! O most admirable consort! haue you no eares? do you not heare this Musicke?

PH. It may bee good, but in my opinion, they rest too long in the beginning.

AVD. Are you then deafe? do you not yet perceiue the wondrous sound the heauenly Orbes do make with their continuall motion? hearke, O hony sweete. COM.S. What tune do they play?

AVD. Why such a tune as neuer was, nor euer shall be heard, marke now, now marke, now, now. PHA. Lift, lift, lift.

AVD. Hearke, O sweete, sweete, sweete.

PHA. Lift, now my heart enuies my happy eares; hift, by the gold string Harpe of *Apollo*, I heare the celestially musicke of the Spheares, as plainly as euer *Pythagoras* did. O most excellent diapason! good, good, good. It plaies fortune my foe, as distinctly as may be.

COM.S. As the foole thinketh, so the bell clinketh; I protest I heare no more then a Post.

L I N G V A.

PHA. What, the Lauata hay? nay if the heauens fiddle, *Phansy* must needs dance.

COM.S. Prethee sit still, thou must dance nothing but the passing measures. *Memory* do you heare this harmony of the Spheares?

MEM. Not now my Lord, but I remember about some 4000. yeares ago, when the Sky was first made we heard very perfectly.

AN. By the same token the first tune the Planets plaied, I remember *Venus* the treble ranne sweete diuision vpon *Saturne* the base. The first tune they played was *Sellengers* round, in memory whereof euer since, it hath bene called the beginning of the world.

COM.S. How comes it, wee cannot heare it now?

MEM. Our eares are so well acquainted with the sound, that we neuer marke it. As I remember the *Egyptian Casadupes* neuer heard the Roaring of the fall of *Nylus* because the noise is so familiar vnto them.

COM.S. Haue you no other obiects to iudge by then these *Andrus*?

AVD. This is the rarest and most exquisite,
Most Sphericall, Diuine, Angelicall,
But since your duller eares cannot performe it,
May it please your Worship to with-draw your selfe,
Vnto this neighbouring Groue, there shall you see
How the sweete treble of the chirping Birds,
And the soft stirring of the moued leaues,
Running delightfull, descant to the sound,
Of the base murmuring of the bubling Brooke
Becomes a consort of good instruments,
While twenty babling Ecchoes round about,
Out of the stony concaue of their mouths:
Restore the vanisht musicke of each close,
And fill your eares full with redoubled pleasure.

COM.S. I will walke with you very willingly, for I grow weary of sitting. Come Maister *Register* and Maister *Phantastes*. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Actus. 4. Scœna. I.

MFENDACIO. ANAMNESTES. HEVRESIS.

MEND. Prethee *Nam* be perswaded, is't not better go to a Feast, then stay here for a fray?

ANAM. A feast? dost thinke *Andrus* will make the Iudges a feast?

MEND. Faith I, why should he cary them to his house else?

ANAM. Why sirra to heare a set or two of songs, S'tid his banquets

are nothing but fish; all soll, soll, soll. I'll teach thee wit boy, neuer go mee to a Musitions house for iunkets, vnlesse thy stomacke lies in thine eares; for there is nothing but commending this songs delicate aire, that mortects dainty aire, this sonnets sweete aire; that madrigals melting aire, this dirgesse mournfull aire; this Church aire, that Chamber aire; *French* aire, *English* aire, *Italian* aire; why Lad, they be pure Chamæzions, they feede onely vpon the aire.

MEND. Chamæzions? I'll be sworne some of your Fidlars bee rather Cammels, for by their good-wils they will neuer leaue eating.

AN. True, and good reason, for they do nothing all the day but stretch and grate their small guts; but ô, yonders the Ape *Heuresis*: let mee go I prethee. MEN. Nay good now stay a little, let's see his humour.

HEVR. I see no reason to the contrary, for we see the quintessence of wine will conuert water into wine; why therefore should not the Elixar of gold turne lead into pure gold?

MEN. Ha, ha, ha, ha, he is turn'd Chimick sirra, it seemes so by his talk?

HEV. But how shall I deuise to blow the fire of Beech-coles, with a continuall and equall blast? ha? I will haue my bellowes driuen with a wheele, which wheele shall be a selfe-mouer.

ANAM. Here's old turning, these Chimickes seeking to turne Lead into Gold, turne away all their owne Siluer.

HEV. And my wheele shall be Geometrically proportioned into 7. or 9. concaues incircled armes, wherein I will put equall poyses, hai, hai, hai, *supra, supra*, I haue it, I haue it, I haue it. MEN. *Heuresis*?

HEV. But what's best to containe the Quicke-siluer? ha?

AN. Do you remember your promise *Heuresis*?

HEV. It must not be Yron, for Quicke-siluer is the tyrant of Mettles, and will soone fret it: AN. *Heuresis*, *Heuresis*?

HEVR. Nor Brasse, nor Copper, nor Mastlin, nor Minerall, *supra, supra*, I haue it, I haue it, it must bee.

AN. You haue indeed sirra, and thus much more then you looked for. (*snappe*)

*Heuresis and Anamnestes about to fight,
but Mendacio parts them.*

MEN. You shall not fight; but if you will alwaies disagree, let's haue words and no blowes, *Heuresis*, what reason haue you to fall out with him?

HEV. Because he is alwaies abusing me, and takes the vpper hand of me euery where. AN. And why not sirra? I am thy better in any place.

HEV. Haue I bene the Author of the seuen liberall Sciences, and consequently of all learning? Haue I bene the Patron of all Mechanicall deuises to be thy inferiour? I tell thee *Anamnestes* thou hast not so much as a point but thou art beholding to me for it.

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ANAM. Good, good, but what had your inuention bene, but for my remembrance: I can proue, that thou belly-sprung Inuention, art the most improfitablest member in the world, for euer since thou wert borne, thou hast bene a bloody murderer, and thus I proue it. In the quiet yeares of *Saturne* (I remember *Iupiter* was then but in his swath-bands) thou rentest the bowels of the earth, and broughtst gold to light, whose beauty (like *Hellen*) set all the world by the eares; then vpon that thou foundest out Iron, and putttest weapons in their hands; and now in the last populus age, thou taught'st a scab-shin Frier, the hellish inuention of powder and Guns.

HEV. Cal'st it hellish? thou liest, it is the admirablest Inuention of all others; for whereas others imitate nature, this excels nature her-selſe.

MEND. True, for a Cannon will kill as many at one shot, as Thunder doth commonly at twenty.

AN. Therefore more murthering art thou then the Light-bolt.

HEVR. But to shew the strength of my conceite, I haue found out a meanes to withstand the stroke of the most violent culuering: *Mendatio* thou sawst it when I demonstrated inuention.

AN. What? some Wool-packes? or Mud-wals? or such like?

HEVR. *Mendatio* I prethee tell it him, for I loue not to be a Trum-petter of mine owne praises.

MEND. I must needs confesse this deuise to passe all that euer I heard or saw, and thus it was; First he takes a Faulcon and charges it without all deceipts, with dry powder well canphred, then did he put in a single Bul-let, and a great quantity of drop-shop both round and lachrimall: this done he sets me a Boy 60. paces off, iust point blancke ouer against the mouth of the Peece, now in the very midst of the direct line he fastens a post, vpon which he hangs me in a corde, a Siderite of Herculean-stone.

ANA. Well, well, I know it well, it was found out in *Ida*, in the yeare of the world—by one *Magnes*, whose name it retaines, though vulgarly they call it an Adamant.

MEND. When he had hang'd this Adamant in a corde, he comes back, and giues fire to the tutch-hole, now the powder consumed to a voide vacuum.

HEVR. Which is intollerable in nature, for first shall the whole Machin of the world, heauen, earth, sea, and aire, returne to the mishapen house of Chaos, then the least vacuum be found in the vniuerſe.

MEND. The Bullet and drop-shop most impetuously from the fierie throat of the Culuering, (but ô strange) no sooner came they neere the Adamant in the corde, but they were all arrested by the Sergeant of Nature, and houered in the aire round about it, till they had lost the force of their motion, clasping themselues close to the stone in most louely man-

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ner, and not any one flew to endanger the marke, so much did they remember their duty to nature, that they forgot the errand they were sent of.

AN. This is a very artificiall lie.

MEN. *Nambeleue* it, for I saw it, and which is more, I haue practised this deuise often: Once when I had a quarrell with one of my Lady *Veritas* naked knaues, and had pointed him the field, I conuaide into the heart of my Buckler an Adamant, and when we met, I drew all the foynes of his Rapier, wheresoeuer he intended, or howsoeuer I guided mine arme, pointed still to the midst of my Buckler; so that by this meanes, I hurt the Knaue mortally, and my selfe came away vntoucht to the wonder of all the beholders.

AN. Sirra you speake Metaphorically, because thy wit *Mendacio* alwaies drawes mens obiections to thy fore-thought excuses.

HEVR. *Anamnestes* 'tis true, and I haue an addition to this, which is to make the Bullet, shot from the enemy, to returne immediately vpon the Gunner; but let these passe, and say the worst thou canst against me.

AN. I say Guns were found out for the quicke dispatch of mortallity, and when thou sawst men grow wise, and beget so faire a child as Peace, of so foule and deformed a mother as War, least there should be no murther thou deuiseest poyson. MEND. Nay sic *Nam*, vrge him not too farre.

AN. And last; and worst, thou foundest out Cookery, that kilts more then weapons, gunnes, warres, or poysons; and would destroy all, but that thou inuentedst Physicke, th'are helps to make away some.

HEVR. But sirra, besides all this, I deuised Pillories for such forging villaines as thy selfe. ANAM. Cal'st me villaine?

They fight, and are parted by Mendacio.

MEND. You shall not fight as long as I am here, giue ouer I say.

HEVR. *Mendacio* you offer me great wrong to hold mee, in good faith I shall fall out with you.

MEND. Away, away, away, you are Inuention, are you not?

HEVR. Yes sir, what then? MEND. And you Remembrance?

ANAM. Well sir, well.

MEND. Then I will be *Iudicium* the moderator betwixt you, and make you both friends; come, come, shake hands, shake hands.

HEVR. Well, well, if you will needs haue it so?

ANAM. I am in some sort content.

Mendacio walks with them, holding them by the bands.

MEND. Why this is as it should be, when *Mendacio* hath *Inuention* on the one hand, and *Remembrance* on the other: as he'll be sure neuer to bee found with truth in his mouth; so he scornes to be taken in a lye, hai, hai, hai, my fine wags, whist. AN. Whist. HEV. Whist.

LINGVA.
ACT.4. SCEN.1.

Communis Sensus, Memory, Phantastes, Heuresis, Anamnestes, take their places on the Bench as before, Auditus on the Stage, a Page before him bearing his Target; the field sable, an heart, next him Tragedus appavelled in blacke Veluets, faire Buskins, a Fauchion, &c. then Comædus in a light colourred greene Tassata robe, silke stockings, pumps, glones, &c.

COMMUNIS SENSUS, MEMORY, PHANTASTES,
HEURESIS. ANAMNESTES, &c.

COM.S. They had some reason that held the soule a harmony, for it is greatly delighted with Musique, how fast we were tyed by the eares to the consort of voices powder? but all is but a little pleasure, what profitable objects hath he?

PHA. Your eares will teach you presently, for now he's comming, that fellow in the Bayes me-thinkes I should haue knowne him, ô 'tis *Commedus* 'tis so, but he is become now a daies some-thing humerous, and too too Satyricall vp and downe, like his great grand-father *Aristophanes*.

AN. These two my Lord *Comedus* and *Tragedus*,
My fellowes both, both twins, but so vnlike
As birth to death, wedding to funerall:
For this that reares himselfe in buskins quainte,
Is pleasant at the first, proud in the midst,
Stately in all, and bitter death at end.
That in the pumpes doth frowne at first acquaintance,
Trouble in the midst, but in the end concludes:
Closing vp all with a sweete catastrophe.
This graue, and sad, disdaine, with brinish teares,
That light and quicke, with wrinkled laughter painted,
This deales with Nobles, Kings, and Emperours,
Full of great feares, great hopes, great enterprises:
This other trades with men of meane condition,
His proiects small, small hopes, and dangers little,
This gorgeous, broidered with rich sentences:
That faire, and puffed round with merriments,
Besh vice detect, and vertue beautifie,
By being deaths mirrour, and lifes looking-glasse.

COM.S. *Salutem iam primum à principio propitiam.*
Mihi atque Vobis spectatores nuntio.

PH. Pish, pish, this is a speech with no action, let's here *Terræce*, *Quid igitur faciam*, &c.

COM.S. *Quid igitur faciam? non eam ne nunc quidam cum accenso ul:ro?*

LINGVA.

PH. Phy, phy, phy, no more action, lend me your Baies, do it thus: *Quid igitur &c.* (hee acts it after the old kinde of *Pantomimicke* action.)

COM.S. I should iudge this action *Phantastes* most absurd, vnlesse wee should come to a Commedy, as Gentlewomen to the Commencement, onely to see men speake.

PH. In my imagination it's excellent, for in this kinde, the hand (you know) is harbinger to the tongue, and prouides the words a lodging in the eares of the Auditors.

COM.S. *Audistis* it is now time you make vs acquainted with the quality of the house you keepe in for our better help in iudgement.

AVD. Vpon the sides of faire mount *Cephalon*,
 Haue I two houses passing humane skill,
 Of finest matter by dame nature wrought,
 Whose learned fingers haue adorn'd the same
 With gorgeous porches of so strange a forme,
 That they command the passingers to stay:
 The dores whereof in hospitallity
 Nor day, nor night, are shut, but open wide
 Gently inuite all commers; whereupon
 They are nam'd the open eares of *Cephalon*.
 But least some bolder sound should boldly rush,
 And breake the nise composure of the worke,
 The skilfull builder wisely hath inrang'd,
 An entry from each port with curious Twines,
 And crooks Meanders, like the laborinth
 That *Dedalus* fram'd to inclose the Minotaure;
 At end whereof is plac'd a costly portall
 Resembling much the figure of a Drumme,
 Granting slow entrance to a priuate closet:
 Where daily with a Mallet in my hand,
 I set and frame all words and sounds that come
 Vpon an Anuile, and so make them fit
 For the perewinckling pore, that winding leades
 From my close chamber to your Lordships Cell.
 Thither do I chiefe Iustice of all accents,
Psyche next porter, *Microcosmos* front:
 Learnings rich treasure, bring discipline,
 Reasons discourse, knowledge of forraigne states,
 Low'd fame of great *Heroes* vertuous deeds:
 The marrow of graue speeches and the flowers
 Of quickest Wits, neat lests, and pure Conceits,

LINGVA.

And often times to ease the heauy burthen
Of gouernment your Lordships shoulde beare,
I thither do conduce the pleasing Nuptials
Of sweetest instruments with heauenly noise.
If then *Audius* haue deferu'd the best,
Let him be dignified before the rest.

COM.S. *Audius* I am almost a Skepticke in this matter, scarce knowing which way the ballance of the cause will decline, when I haue heard the rest I will dispatch iudgement, meane while you may depart.

*Audius leads his sbeu about the
Stage, and then goes out.*

ACTVS.4. SCENA.3.

COMMVNIS SENSVS, Memoria, Phantastes, Anamnestes, Heuresis
*as before, Olfactus in a Garland of severall flowers, a Page before him bearing
his Target, his field vert. a bound argent, two Boyes with casting Bottles, and
two with Censors with Incense; another with a velvet cushion sticke with
flowers, an other with a basket of hearbes, an other with a boxe of Oynt-
ment; Olfactus leads them about, and making obeysauce presents them be-
fore the Bench.*

I. BOY. Your onely way to make a good pomander, is this; take an ounce of the purest garden mould, clenfed and steeped seuen daies in change of motherlesse-Rose-water, | then take the best Labdanum, Benioine, both Storaxes, Amber, Greece, and Ciuet, and Muske, incorporate them together, and worke them into what forme you please; this, if your breath be not too valiant, will make you smell as sweete as my Ladies dog.

PHA. This Boy it should seeme represents Odor, he is so perfect a Perfumer.

ODOR. I do my Lord, and haue at my command,
The smell of flowers and Odiferous drugs,
Of oyntments sweete and excellent perfumes,
And Court-like waters which if once you smell:
You in your heart would wish as I suppose,
That all your Body were transform'd to Nose.

PHAN. *Olfactus* of all the Senses, your objects haue the worst lucke, they are alwaies iarring with their contraries, for none can weare Ciuet, but they are suspected of a proper bad sent, where the prouerbe springs, he smelleth best that doth of nothing smell.

ACT.4. SCEN.4.

The Bench and Olfactus as before, Tobacco apparelled in a Tassata Mantle,

LINGVA.

his armes browne and naked, Buskins made of the pilling of Osiers, his necke bare, hung with Indian leanes, his face browne, painted with blew stripes, in his nose swines teeth, on his head a painted wicker Crowne, with Tobacco-pipes set in it, plumes of Tobacco leanes, lead by two Indian Boyes naked, with Tapers in their hands, Tobacco boxes, and pipes lighted.

PHAN. Foh, foh, what a smell is here? is this one of your delightfull objects? OLF. It is your onely sent in request Sir.

COM.S. What fiery fellow is that, which smokes so much in the mouth?

OLF. It is the great and puissant God of Tobacco.

TOB. *Ladoch guevarroh pufner shelvaro baggon.*

Olfa di quanon, Indi coritlo vraggon.

PHA. Ha, ha, ha, ha, this in my opinion is the tongue of the Antipodes.

MEM. No, I remember it very well, it was the language the Arcadians spake that liued long before the Moone.

COM.S. What signifies it *Olfaetus*?

OLF. This is mighty Emperour Tobacco, King of *Trinidado*, that in being conquered, conquered all *Europe*, in making them pay tribute for their smoake, TOB. *Erfronge inglues conde hisingo, Denelin sfocthma pu cothhinge.*

OLF. Expeller of Catarhes, banisher of all agues, your guts onely salue for the Greene wounds of a non plus.

TOB. *Al vulcam vercu, I pardapora side gratam, ka fumala mara, che Bauborespartera, quirata?*

OTF. Sonne to the God *Vulcan*, and *Tellus*, kin to the father of Myrth, called *Bacchus*.

TOB. *Uiscardonex, pillosuphe, pascano tinareomagas, Pagi dagon stollisimfe, carocibato scribas.*

OLF. Genius of all Swaggerers, profest enemy to Physitions, sweete ointment for sowre teeth, firme knot of good fellowship, Adamant of Company, swift wind to spread the wings of Time, hated of none but those that know him not, and of so great deserts, that who so is acquainted with him can hardly forsake him.

PHAN. It seemes these last words were very significant, I promise you a God of great denomination, he may be my Lord Tappes for his large Titles.

COM.S. But forward *Olfaetus*, as they haue done before you, with your description? OLF. Iust in the midst of *Cephatons* round face, As 'twere a frontis-pice vnto the hill, *Olfaetus* lodging built in figure long, Doubly disparted with two pretious vaults,

LINGVA.

The rootes whereof most richly are inclos'd,
 With Orient Pearles, and sparkling Diamonds:
 Beset at the end with Emeralds and Turchois,
 And Rubies red, and flaming Crisolits,
 At vpper end whereof, in costly manner,
 I lay my head between two spongeous pillows,
 Like faire *Adonis* twist the paps of *Venus*,
 Where I conducting in out the wind.
 Daily examine all the aire inspir'd,
 By my pure searching, if it be pure,
 And fit to serue the lungs with liuely breath.
 Hence do I likewise minister perfume
 Vnto the neighbour braine, perfumes of force
 To cleanse your head, and make your fantasie
 To refine wit, and sharpe inuention,
 And strengthen memory, from whence it came,
 That old deuotion, Incence did ordaine
 To make mans spirits more apt for things diuine:
 Besides a thousand more commodities.
 In leiw whereof your Lordships I request,
 Giue me the Crowne if I deserue it best.

Olfactus leades his company about
 the Stage, and goes out.

ACTVS.4. SCENA.5.

The Bench as before: a Page with a shield Argent, an Ape proper with an Apple, then Gustus with a Cornu-copia in his hand, Bacchus in a Garland of leaues and Grapes, a white suite, and ouer it a thin sarsenet to his foote, in his hand a speare wreathed with vine-leaues, on his arme a Target with a Tiger, Ceres with a Crowne of eares of Corne, in a yellow silke robe, a bunch of Poppy in her hand, a sutchon charged with a Dragon.

COM.S. In good time *Gustus*, haue you brought your obiects?

GVST. My seruant *Appetitus* followeth with them.

APP. Come, come, *Bacchus* you are so fat, enter enter.

PHAN. Fie, fie *Gustus*, this a great indecorum to bring *Bacchus* alone, you should haue made Thirst led him by the hand.

GVST. Right Sir, but men now a daies drinke often when they be not dry; besides, I could not get red herrings, and dried neats tongues enough to apparell him in. COM.S. What neuer a speech of him.

GVST. I put an *Octau* of *Iambicks* in his mouth, and hee he hath drunk it downe.

APP.

LINGVA.

APP. Well done, Muscadine and Egges stand hot; what butter'd Claret? go thy way thou had'st best, for blind men that cannot see how wickedly thou look'st—how now, what small thin fellow, are you here? ha?

BOY. Beere forsooth, Beere forsooth.

APP. Beere forsooth? get you gone to the Buttery, till I call for you, you are none of *Bacchus* attendants, I am sure, he cannot endure the smell of Mault. Where is *Ceres*? ô well, well, is the March-pane broken? ill luck, ill lucke, come hang't, neuer stand to set it together againe; serue out fruite there. (*Enter Boyes with a Basket, Marmolet, sweets, &c. deliver it round among the Gentlemen, and go out*) What do you come with roste-meate after Apples? away with it, digestion serue out cheefe; what, but a penny-worth? it is the iust measure of his nose that sold it. lambs-wooll; the meekest meate in the world, 'twill let any man fleece it. Snap-dragon there.

MEM. O, I remember this dish well, it was first inuented by *Pluto* to entertaine *Proserpina* with all.

PHA. I thinke not so *Memory*, for when *Hercules* had kil'd the flaming Dragon of *Hesperdia*, with the Apples of that Orchard he made this fiery meate, in memory whereof hee named it Snap-dragon.

COM.S. *Gustus*, let's heere your description?

GVST. Neere to the lowly base of *Cephalon*,
My house is plac'd, not much vnlike a Caue.
Yet archt aboue by wondrous worke-man-ship
With hewen stones wrought smother, and more fine
Then Iet or Marble, faire from Island brought.
Ouer the dore directly doth incline
A faire Percullis of compacture strong,
To shut out all that may anoy the state,
Or health of *Microcosme*; and within
Is spred along boord like a plyant tongue,
At which showerly sit, and tryall take,
Of meates and drinkes needefull and delectable,
Twise euery day do I prouision make
For the sumptuous kitchin of the common-wealth,
Which once well boil'd, is soone distributed
To all the members, well refreshing them
With good supply of strength-renewing foode.
Should I neglect this musing diligence,
The body of the Realme would ruinate?
Your selfe my Lord with all your policies
And wondrous wit, could not preserue your selfe,

LINGVA.

Nor you *Phantastes*; nor you *Memory*;
Psyche her selfe, were't not that I repaire
 Her crazie house with props of nourishment
 Would soone forsake vs; for whose deereft sake
 Many a grievous paine haue I sustain'd
 By bitter pills, and sowre purgations,
 Which if I had not valiantly abidden
 Shee had bene long ere this departed.
 Since the whole *Myrocosme* I maintaine,
 Let me as Prince aboue the Senses raigne.

COM.S. The reasons you vrge *Gustus* breed a new doubt whether it
 be better to be commodious or necessary, the resolution whereof I refer
 to your iudgement, licencing you meane while to depart:

Gustus leads his shew about the Stage and goes out.

ACT.4. SCEN.6.

*The Bench as before; TACTVS, a Page before him bearing his Scutcheon, a
 Tortesse fables.*

TACT. Ready anon forsooth? the Diuell she will,
 Who would be toil'd with Wenches in a shew?

COM.S. What in such anger *Tactus*? what's the matter?

TACT. My Lord, I had thought as other Senses did,
 By sight of objects to haue prou'd my worth:
 Wherefore considering that of all the things
 That please me most, women are counted chiefe,
 I had thought to haue represented in my shew
 The Queene of pleasure, *Venus* and her sonne,
 Leading a Gentleman enamored,
 With his sweete touching of his Mistresse lippes,
 And gentle griping of her tender hands,
 And diuers pleasant relishes of touch,
 Yet all contained in the bounds of chastity.

PHA. *Tactus*, of all I long to see your objects,
 How comes it, we haue lost those pretty sports?

TACT. Thus 'tis, fise houres ago I set a dozen of Maids to attire a
 boy like a nice Gentlewoman, but there is such doing with their looking-
 glasses, pinning, vnpinning; setting, vnsetting; formings, and conformings,
 painting blew veines and cheekes; such stirre with Sticks and Combes,
 Cascanets, Dressings, Purles, Falles, Squares, Buskes, Bodies, Scarffes,
 Neck-laces, Carcanets, Rebatoes, Borders, Tires, Fannes, Palizadoes,
 Puffes, Ruffes, Cuffes, Muffes, Pussles, Fussles, partlets, Frislets, Bandlets,

Fillers

LINGVA.

Fillets, Croſſets, pendulets, Amulets, Anulets, Bracelets, and ſo many lets,
that ſhe is ſcarce dreſt to the girdle : and now there's ſuch calling for Far-
dingals, Kirtlets, Buſke-points, ſhoo-ties, &c. that ſeuen pedlers ſhops,
nay all Sturbridge-faire wil ſcarce furniſh her: a Ship is ſooner rig'd by far,
then a Gentlewoman made ready.

P H. 'Tis ſtrange, that women being ſo mutable,
Will neuer change in changing their apparell.

Co M. S. Well, let them paſſe; *Tactus* we are content, to know your dig-
nity by relation. T A C T. The inſtrument of inſtruments, the hand,

Courteſies index, Chamberlane to Nature;

The bodies Souldier, and mouthes Caterer,

Psyche's great Secretarie, the dumbes eloquence,

The blind-mans Candle, and his fore-heads Buckler,

The miniſter of wrath and friendſhips ſigne,

This is my inſtrument: neuertheleſſe my power

Extends it ſelfe farre as our Queene commands,

Through all the parts and climes of *Microcoſme*.

I am the roote of life, ſpreading my vertue

By ſinewes that extend from head to foote,

To euery living part.

For as a ſuttle Spider cloſely fitting,

In center of her web, that ſpredeth round,

If the leaſt flie but touch the ſmalleſt thrid

Shee feeles it inſtantly; ſo doth my ſelfe,

Caſting my ſlender nerue and ſundry nets,

Ouer euery particle of all the body,

By proper ſkill perceiue the difference,

Of ſeueral qualities, hot, cold, moiſt, and dry;

Hard, ſoft, rough, ſmoth, clammy, and ſlippery.

Sweete pleaſure, and ſharpe paine profitable,

That makes vs wounded ſeek for remedy:

By theſe meanes do I teach the Body flie,

From ſuch bad things as may endanger it.

A wall of Braſſe can be no more deſenſe

Vnto a Towne, then I to *Microcoſme*.

Tell me what Sence is not beholding to me?

The Noſe is hot or cold, the Eies do weepe,

The Eares do feele, the Taſt's a kinde of Touching;

That when I pleaſe, I can command them all,

And make them tremble when I threaten them.

I am the eldeſt, and biggeſt of the reſt,

LINGVA.

The chiefeſt note, and firſt deſtinction,
Betwixt a living tree and living beaſt;
For though one heare, and ſee, and ſmell, and taſt,
If he wants touch, he is counted but a blocke.
Therefore my Lord grant mee the royalty
Of whom there is ſuch great neceſſity.

COM.S. *Tactus* ſtand aſide; you ſirra *Anamneſtes* tell the Sences wee
expect their appearance. ANA. At your Lord-ſhips pleaſure.

Exit Anamneſtes.

ACT.4. SCEN.7.

COM. SEN. PHAN. MEM. HEVR. ANAM. *Vpon the Bench conſulting
among themſelves: VIS. TACT. GVST. and OLF. every one with his
Shield vpon his arme, LINGVA, and MENDACIO, with them.*

COM.S. Though you deſerue no ſmall puniſhment for theſe vp-rores,
yet at the requeſt of theſe my aſſiſtants I remit it, and by the power of
iudgement our gracious Soueraigne *Pſeuſche* hath giuen me, thus I deter-
mine of your controuerſies, hum. By your former obiects, inſtruments,
and reaſons, I conceiue the ſtate of *Senſe* to be diuided into two parts, one
of commodity the other of neceſſity, both which are either for our
Queene or for our Country; but as the ſoule is more excellent then the bo-
dy, ſo are the Sences that proſire the ſoule to bee eſtimated before thoſe
that are needfull for the Body. *Viſus* and *Auditus* ſerue your ſelues, Maiſter
Register giue me the Crowne; becauſe it is better to be well, then ſimply to
be, therefore I iudge the Crowne by right to belong to you of the Com-
modities part, and the Robe to you of the Neceſſities ſide; and ſince you
Viſus are the Authour of Inuention, and you *Auditus* of encrease and addi-
tion to the ſame; ſeeing it is more excellent to inuent then to augment, I
eſtablish you *Viſus* the better of the two, and chiefe of all the reſt, in to-
ken whereof I beſtow vpon you this Crowne to weare at your liberty.

VIS. I moſt humbly thanke your Lordſhips,

COM.S. But leaſt I ſhould ſeeme to neglect you *Auditus*, I here chuſe
you to be the Lord's intelligencer to *Pſeuſche* her Maieſty, and you *Olfactus*
wee beſtow vpon you the chiefe Priethood of *Microcoſme*, perpetually
to offer incenſe in her Maieſties Temple: As for you *Tactus* vpon your rea-
ſons alleaged, I beſtow vpon you the Roabs.

TACT. I accept it moſt gratefully at your iuſt hands, and will weare
it in the deere remembrance of your good Lord-ſhip.

CGM.S. And laſtly *Gustus* we elect you *Pſeuſche* her onely Taſter, and
great Purueior for all her dominions both by Sea and Land, in her Realme
of *Microcoſme*.

LINGVA.

Gvst. We thanke your Lord-ship, and rest well content with equall arbitrement. Com.S. Now for you *Lingua*.

LING. I beseech your honour let me speake, I will neither trouble the company, nor offend your patience.

Com.S. I cannot stay so long, we haue consulted about you, and finde your cause to stand vpon these termes, and conditions. The number of Senses in this little world, is answerable to the first bodies in the great world: Now since there be but siue in the Vniuerse, the foure Elements and the pure substance of the heauens, therefore there can be but siue Senses in our *Microcosme*, correspondent to those; as the sight to the heauens, hearing to the aire, touching to the earth, smelling to the fire, tasting to the water; by which siue meanes onely the vnderstanding is able to apprehend the knowledge of all Corporeall substances, wherefore we iudge you to be no Sense simply, onely thus much we from hence-forth pronounce, that all women, for your sake, shall haue six Senses: that is, Seeing, Hearing, Tasting, Smelling, Touching, and the last and feminine Sense, the Sense of Speaking.

Gvst. I beseech your Lordships, and your Assistants (the onely cause of our friend-ship,) to grace my Table, with your most welcome presence this night at supper.

Com.S. I am sorry I cannot stay with you, you know we may by no meanes omit our daily attendance at the Court, therefore I pray you pardon vs.

Gvst. I hope I shall not haue the deniall at your hands my Maisters, and you my Lady *Lingua*, come, let vs drowne all our anger in a bowle of Hippocras.

Exeunt Sensus omnes exteriores.

Com.S. Come Maister *Register*, shall we walke?

Mem. I pray you stay a little, let me see? ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Pha. How now *Memory* so merry? What? do you trouble your selfe with two palsies at once? shaking and laughing.

Mem. 'Tis a strange thing that men will so confidently oppose themselves against *Platoes* great yeare. Phan. Why not.

Mem. 'Tis as true an opinion as need be; for I remember it very readily now, that this time 49000 yeares ago, all we were in this very place, and your Lordship iudged the very same controuersy after the very same manner, in all respects and circumstances alike.

Com.S. 'Tis wondrous strange.

Anam. By the same token you held your staffe in your right hand, iust as you do now, and Maister *Phantastes* stood wondring at you, gaping as wide as you see him.

Pha. I but did I giue you a boxe on the eare sirrah, 49000 yeares ago?

LINGVA.

did I? (*snaps*) ANA. I do not remember that Sir.

PHAN. This time *Platoes* twelue-month to come, looke you faue your checks better.

COM. S. But what intertainement had we at Court for our long stay-

MEM. Let's go, I'll tell you as we walke. (ing?)

PH. If I do not seeme pranker now then I did in those daies, I'll bee hang'd.

Exeunt omnes interiores Sensus, manet Lingua.

ACT.4. SCEN.8.

LINGVA, MENDACIO.

LING. Why this is good, by *Common-Senses* meanes,
Lingua thou hast fram'd a perfect Comœdy,
 They are all good friends whom thou mad'st enemies,
 And I am halfe a Sence: a sweete peece of seruice,
 I promise you a faire step to preferment.
 Was this the care and labour thou hast taken,
 To bring thy foes together to a banquet,
 To loose thy Crowne and be deluded thus?
 Well, now I see my case is desperate,
 The iudgements past, sentence irreuocable,
 Therefore I'll be content and clap my hands,
 And giue a *plaudite* to their proceedings.
 What? Shall I leaue my hate begun vnperfect?
 So sowlly vanquish't by the spitefull Senses?
 Shall I? the Embassadresse of Gods and Men,
 That pul'd proud *Phæbe* from her brightsome spheare
 And dark't *Appollo's* countenance with a word?
 Raysing at pleasure stormes, and winds, and earth-quakes,
 Be ouer-crowd, and breath without reuenge?
 Yet they, forsooth, base slaues, must be preferred,
 And decke themselues with my right ornaments?
 Doth the all-knowing *Phabus* see this shame
 Without redresse? will not heauens helpe me?
 Then Hell shall do't, my enchanting tongue
 Can mount the skies, and in a moment fall
 From the Pole Articke to darke *Acheron*.
 I'll make them know mine anger is not spent;
Lingua hath power to hurt, and will to do it.
Mendacio come hether quickly sirra. MEN. Madam.
 LING. Harke hether in thine eare.

LINGVA.

MEND. Why do you wish thus? here's none to heare you.

LING. I dare not trust these secrets to the Earth, ere since she brought forth Reedes, whose babling noise told all the world of *Midas* Asses eares. (*Shee whispers him in the eare*) Do'st vnderstand me?

MEND. I, I, I, — neuer feare that — there's a iest indeed — pish, pish, Madam — do you thinke me so foolish? — tut, tut, doubt not.

LING. Tell her if she do not.

MEND. Why doe you make any question of it — what a stirre is here? — I warrant you — presently. *Exit Mendacio,*

LING. Well, I'll to supper, and so closely couer
The rusty canker of mine yron spight,
With golden foile of goodly semblances,
But if I do not trounce them —————

Exit Lingua.

Actus. 5. Scœna. I.

MENDACIO *with a bottle in his hand.*

MEND. My Lady *Lingua* is iust like one of these leane-witted *Comedians*, who disturbing all to the fifth Act, bring downe some *Mercury* or *Jupiter* in an Engine to make all friends. So she, but in a contrary manner, seeing her former plots dispurposed, sends me to an old Witch called *Asrasia*, to helpe to wreake her spight vpon the Senses: the old Hag, after many an incircled circumstance, and often naming of the direfull *Hecate*, and *Demogorgon*, giues me this bottle of wine, mingled with such hellish drugs, and forcible words, that whosoever drinckes of it shall be presently posselt with an enraged and mad kinde of anger.

ACTVS. 5. SCENA. 2.

MENDACIO, CRAPULA, APPETITVS, *crying.*

MEND. What's this *Crapula* beating *Appetitus* out of dores? ha!

CRAP. You filthy long-Crane, you meager-slaue, will you kill our guests with blowing continuall hunger in them? (*tisse, tosse, tisse, tosse*) the Senses haue ouer-charged their stomach already, and you firra serue them vp a fresh appetite with euery new dish, they had burst their guts if thou had'st staid but a thought longer? (*tisse, tosse, tisse, tosse*) be gon or I'll set thee away, be gone ye gnaw-bone, raw-bone-rascal.

MEND. Then my deuise is cleane spoyled, *Appetitus* should haue bene as the bowle to present this medicine to the Senses, and now *Crapula* hath beaten him out of dores, what shall I do?

H.

CRAP.

L I N G U A.

C R A P. Away Sirra, (tiffe, toffe, tiff, &c.

A P P. Well *Crapula* well, I haue deserued better at your hands then so, I was the man you know first brought you into *Gustus* his seruice, I lin'd your guts there, and you vse me thus? but grease a fat sow, &c.

C R A P. Do'st thou talke (tiffe, toffe) hence, hence (tiffe, toffe) hence, auauunt curre, auauunt you dogge. *Exit Crapula.*

A P P. The belching-gor-belly hath well-nigh kil'd; I am shut out of dores finely, well this is my comfort, I may walke now in liberty at my owne pleasure. M E N D. *Appetitus, Appetitus.*

A P P. Ah *Mendacio, Mendacio.*

M E N D. Why how now man, how now? how ist? canst not speake?

A P P. Faith I am like a Bag-pipe, that neuer sounds but when the belly is full. M E N D. Thou empty, and com'st from a feast.

A P P. From a fray I tell thee *Mendacio*, I am now iust like the Ewe, that gaue sucke to a wolves whelp. I haue nurs't vp my fellow *Crapula* so long, that he's growne strong enough to beate me.

M E N. And whither wilt thou go, now thou art banish't out of seruice?

A P P. Faith I'll trauell to some Colledge or other in an Vniuersity.

M E N D. Why so?

A P P. Because *Appetitus* is well beloued amongst Schollers, for there I can dine and sup with them and rise againe as good friends as wee fate downe, I'll eithier questionlesse.

M E N D. Hear'st thou? giue me thy hand; by this hand I loue thee; go to then, thou shalt not forsake thy Maisters thus, I say thou shalt not.

A P P. Alas I am very loth; but how should I helpe it?

M E N D. Why take this bottle of wine, come on, go thy waies to them againe. A P P. Ha, ha, ha, what good will this do?

M E N D. This is the *Nepenthe* that reconciles the Gods; do but let the Senses tast of it, and feare not, they'll loue thee as well as euer they did.

A P P. I pray thee where hadst it?

M E N D. My Lady gaue it me to bring her; *Mercury* stole it from *Hebe* for her; thou know'st there were some iarres betwixt her and thy Maisters, and with this drinke she would gladly wash out all the reliques of their disagreement: Now, because I loue thee, thou shalt haue the grace of presenting it to them and so come in fauour againe.

A P P. It smells well I would faine beginne to them.

M E N D. Nay, stay no longer, least they haue sapt before thou come.

A P P. *Mendacio*, how shall I requite thy infinite curtesie.

M E N. Nay pray thee leaue, go catch occasion by the fore-top, but hearst thou? as soone as it is presented, round my Lady *Lingua* in the eare, and tell her of it. A P P. I will, I will, I will, Adue, adue, adue. *Exit Appeti.*

ACTVS

LINGVA.

ACTVS.5. SCENA.3.

MENDACIO *solus.*

MEN. Why this is better then I could haue wisht it,
 Fortune I thinke is false in loue with me,
 Answering so right mine expectation.
 By this time *Appetite* is at the Table,
 And with a lowly Cringe presents the Wine
 To his old Maister *Gustus*, now he takes it,
 And drinckes, perchance, to *Lingua*; she, craftily,
 Kisses the cup, but let's not downe a drop,
 And giues it to the rest; 'tis sweete, they'le swallow it,
 But when 'tis once descended to the stom acke,
 And sends vp noysome Vapours to the braine,
 'Twill make them swagger gallantly, they'le rage
 Most strangely, or *Acrasia*'s art deceiues her:
 When if my Lady stirre her nimble tongue,
 And closely sow contentious words amongst them,
 O what a stabbing there will be? what bleeding?

ACTVS.5. SCENA.4.

LINGVA, MENDACIO.

LING. What, art thou there *Mendacio*? pretty rascal:
 Come let me kisse thee for thy good deserts.

MEND. Madame do'st take? haue they all tasted it?

LING. All, all; and all are well-nigh mad already:
 Oh how they stare, and sweare, and fume, and brawle;
 Wrath giues them weapons; Pots, and Candle-sticks,
 Ioin'd-stooles and Trenchers flie about the roome,
 Like to the bloody banquet of the Centaures:
 But all the sport is to see what seuerall thoughts
 The potions workes in their immaginations:
 For *Visus* thinkes himselfe; a ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

ACTVS.5. SCENA.5.

APPTITVS, MENDACIO, LINGVA.

APP. So-hoe *Mendacio*, so-hoe, so-hoe.

MEND. Madame I doubt they come, yonder is *Appetitus*; you had best
 be gone, least in their out-rage they should iniure you (*Exit Lingua*) How
 now *Hunger*? how do'st my fine May-pole? ha?

APP. I may well be called a May-pole; for the Senses do nothing but
 daunce

LINGVA.

daunce a morrice about me.

MEND. Why? what ayles them? are they not (as I promised thee) friends with thee?

APP. Friends with me? nay rather frenzy: I neuer knew them in such a case in all my life.

MEND. Sure they dranke too much, and are mad for loue of thee.

APP. They want *Common-Sense* among't them: there's such a hurly-burly *Auditus* is starke deafe, and wonders why men speake so softly that he cannot heare them, *Visus* hath drunke himselfe starke blind, and therefore imagineth himselfe to be *Polyphemus*: *Tactus* is raging mad, and cannot bee otherwise perswaded, but he is *Hercules furens*, there's such conceits among't them.

ACT.5. SCENA.6.

VISVS, APPETITVS, MENDACIO.

VIS. O that I could but finde the villaine *Outis*,
Outis the villaine that thus blinded me. MEND. Who is this? *Visus*?

APP. I, I, I, otherwise called *Polyphemus*.

VIS. By heauens bright Sunne, the daies most glorious eye,
 That lightneth all the world but *Polypheme*,
 And by mine eye that once was answerable
 Vnto that Sunne, but now's extinguished.

MEND. He can see to sweare me-thinkes.

VIS. If I but once lay hands vpon the slaue,
 That thus hath rob'd me of my deereſt Iewell,
 I'll rend the miscreant into a thousand peeces,
 And gnash his trembling members 'twixt my teeth,
 Drinking his liue-warme-bloud to satisfie
 The boyling thirst of paine and furiousnesse,
 That thus exasperates great *Polypheme*.

MEND. Pray thee *Appetitus* see how he graspes for that he would be loath to finde. APP. What's that? a stumbling blocke?

VIS. These hands that whilom tore vp sturdy Okes,
 And reut the rocke that dashed out *Acis* braines,
 Both in the stole-blisse of my *Galatea*,
 Serue now (ô misery) to no better vse
 But for but bad guides to my vnskillfull feete,
 Neuer accustomed thus to be directed.

MEND. As I am a rogue, he wants nothing but a wheele, to make him the true picture of fortune; how saist? what shall we play at blind-man-
 buffe

LINGVA.

buffe with him? APP. If thou wilt, but first I'll try whether he can see,

VIS. Find me out *Outis*, search the Rockes and Woods,
The Hilles and Dales, and all the Coasts adioyning,
That I may haue him and reuenge my wrong.

APP. *Visus* me-thinkes your eies are well enough. .

VIS. What's he that calls me *Visus*? do'st not know?—

(They runne about him, playing with him, and abusing him)

APP. To him *Mendacio*, to him, to him,

MEND. There, there *Appetitus*, he comes, he comes; ware ware, he comes, ha, ha, ha, ha. *Visus* stumbles, falls downe, and sits still.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 7.

MENDACIO, APPETITVS, TACTVS with a.
great blacke Iacke in his hand.

MEND. Is this he that thinkes himselfe *Hercules*?

APP. I, wilt see me out-swagger him?

MEND. I do, do, I loue not to sport with such mad-play-fellowes; tickle him *Appetitus*, tickle him, tickle him. *Exit Mendacio.*

TACT. Haue I not here the great and puissant Club,
Where-with I conquered three Chopt *Cerberus*,

APP. Haue I not here the sharpe and war-like teeth,
That at one breake-fast quail'd thrice three hogges-faces.

TACT. And are not these *Alcides* brawny armes,
That rent the Lyons iawes, and kill'd the Boare?

APP. And is not this the Stomacke that defeated,
Nine yards of pudding, and a ranke of pies?

TACT. Did not I crop the seuen-fold *Hydras* crest,
And with a riuer clenfed *Angus* stable?

APP. Did not I crush a seuen-fold Custards crust,
And with my tongue swept a well furnisht Table?

TACT. Did not these feete and hands ore-take and slay,
The nimble Stagge, and fierce impetuous Bull?

APP. Did not this throate at one good meale deuoure,
That Stagges sweete venison, and that strong Buls-beefe?

TACT. Shall *Hercules* be thus disparaged?

Iuno! you pouting Queane, you lowring Trull,

Take heed I take you not; for by *Iones* thunder

I'll be reueng'd. *(Appetitus draws Visus backward from Tactus.)*

APP. Why *Visus*, *Visus*, will you be kil'd? away, away. *Exit Visus.*

TACT. Who haue we here? see, see, the Gyant *Cacus*

Drawes

LINGVA.

Drawes an Oxe backe-ward to his theeuish den,
Hath this deuise so long deluded me?

Monster of men *Cacus* restore my Cattle,
Or instantly I'll crush thy idle Coxe-combe,
And dash thy doltish braines against thy Caue.

APP. *Cacus, I Cacus?* ha, ha, ha, *Tactum* you mistake mee.
I am yours to command, *Appetitus*.

TACT. Art *Appetitus*? Th'art so; run quickly villaine,
Fetch a whole Oxe to satisfie my stomacke.

APP. Fetch an Ass to keepe you company.

TACT. Then downe to Hell, tell *Pluto* Prince of Diuels,
That great *Alcides* want's a kitchen wench
To turne his spit, command him, from my selfe,
To send vp *Proserpine* shee'l serue the turne.

APP. I must finde you meate and the Diuell finde you Cookes,
Which is the next way?

TACT. Follow the beaten path thou canst not misse it,
'Tis a wide Causy that conducteth thether,
An easie tract, and downe hill all the way,
But if the blacke Prince will not send her quickly,
But still detain her for his bed-fellow:
Tell him I'll drag him from his iron chaire,
By the steele tressles, and then sow him fast,
With the three furies in a letherne bagge,
And thus will drownethem in the Ocean.

Hee powres the lake of Beere vpon Appetitus.

APP. You had better keepe him aliue to light Tobacco-pipes, or to
sweepe chimnieies. TACT. Art thou not gone? nay then I'll send thy soule
Before thee 'twill do thy message sooner (tiffe, tiffe).

APP. *Hercules, Hercules, Hercules?* do not you heare *Omphale*?
Hearke how she cals you, hearke?

TACT. 'Tis she indeed, I know her sugred voice?
Omphale, deere Commandresse of my life:
My thoughts repose, sweete Center of my cares,
Where all my hopes, and best desires takes rest,
Lo! where the mighty sonne of *Insipiter*
Throwes himselfe Captiue at your conquering feete?
Do not disdain my voluntary humblenesse,
Accept my seruice, blesse me with commanding,
I will performe the hardest imposition
And run through twelue new labours for thy sake.

Omphale

LINGVA.

Omphale, deere Commandresse of my life.

APP. Do you not see how she beckons to you to follow her?
 Look how she holds her distaffe, looke you?

TACT. VWhere is she gone, that I may follow her?
Omphale stay, stay, take thy *Hercules*.

APP. There, there man, you are right. *Exit Tactus.*

ACT. 5. SCEN. 8.

APPETITVS Solus.

APP. VWhat a strange temper are the Senses in?
 How comes their wits thus topsie turvy turn'd?

Hercules Tactus; Visus Polypheme,

Two goodly Sur-names haue they purchased:
 By the rare Ambrosian of an Oyfter-py
 They haue got such proud imaginations,
 That I could wish I were mad for company:
 But since my fortunes cannot stretch so high,
 I'll rest contented with this wise estate.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 9.

APPETITVS, AUDITVS with a Candlesticke.

APP. VWhat more anger? *Auditus* got abroad too?

AUD. Take this abuse at base *Olfactus* hands?
 VWhat, did he challenge me to meete me here,
 And is not come? well I'll proclaime the slaue
 The vilest dastard that ere broke his word;
 But stay, yonder's *Appetitus*.

APP. I pray you *Auditus* what ailes you?

AUD. Ha, ha! APP. VWhat ailes you?

AUD. Ha! what saist thou? APP. VWho hath abus'd you thus?

AUD. VWhy do'st thou whisper thus? Canst not speake out?

APP. Saue me, I had cleane forgotten; why are you so angry *Auditus*?

AUD. Bite vs, who dare bite vs? (and you?)

APP. I talke of no biting, I say what's the matter betweene *Olfactus*

AUD. Will *Olfactus* bite me? do if he dares, would he would meete
 me here according to his promise; Mine eares are some-what thicke of
 late, I pray thee speake out louder.

APP. Ha, ha, ha, ha, this is fine i' faith: ha, ha, ha, Heare you, haue you
 lost your eares at supper?

LINGVA.

AVD. Excellent cheere at supper; I confesse it;
But when 'tis sawc'd with sowre contentions,
And breeds such quarrels, 'tis intollerable.

APP. Pish, pish, this is my question: Hath your supper spoil'd your hearing? APP. Hearing at supper, tell not me of hearing,
But if thou sawst *Olfactus* bring mee to him.

APP. I aske you whether you haue lost your hearing?

AVD. O dost thou heare them ring? what a grieve is this,
Thus to be deafe and loose such harmony?
Wretched *Auditus* now shalt thou neuer heare
The pleasing changes that a well tun'd Corde
Of trowling bells will make when they are true rung.

APP. Here's a do indeed, I thinke he is mad, as well as drunk, or deafe.

AVD. Ha, what's that?

APP. I say you haue made me hoarse with speaking so loud.

AVD. Ha, what say'st thou of a creaking Croud?

APP. I am hoarse I tell you, and my head akes.

AVD. Oh I vnderstand thee! the first Croud was made of a horse-head.
Tis true, the finding of a dead horse-head,
Was the first inuention of string instruments,
Whence rose the, Gitterne, Violl, and the Lute:
Though others thinke the Lute was first deuic'd,
In imitation of a Tortesse backe,
Whose sinewes parched by *Apollo's* beames,
Ecchoed about the concaue of the shell,
And seeing the shortest and smallest gaue shrillest sound,
They found out frets whose sweete diuersity
(Well couched by the skilfull learned fingers)
Raileth so strange a multitude of Cordes.
Which their opinion many do confirme,
Because *Tessudo* signifies a Lute.
But if I by no means.

APP. Nay, if you begin to criticke once, we shall neuer haue done.

Exit Appetitus and carries away Auditus perforce.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 10.

CRAPULA, a fat bellied slane, clothed in a light vaile of Sarsnet, a Garland of vine-leaues on his head, &c. SOMNVS in a Mantle of blacke Cob-web-lanne downe to the foote, ouer a duskie coloured taffata Coate, and a Crowne of Poppy tops on his head, a company of darke coloured silke scarfes in one

LINGVA.

band, a Mace of Poppy in the other, leaning his head upon a pillow on Crapula's shoulders.

C R A P. *Somnus*, good *Somnus*, sweete *Somnus*, come a pace!

S O M N. Hei-oh, oh; are you sure they be so? oh, ho, oh, hei, waw?
What good can I do? ou, hoh, hawe.

C R A P. Why I tell you vnlesse you helpe
Soft sonne of night, right heire to Quietnesse,
Labours repose, lifes best restorative,
Digestions carefull Nurse, blouds Comforter,
Wits helpe, thoughts charme, the stay of *Microcosme*,
Sweete *Somnus*, chiefe enemy to Care:
My dearest friend, lift vp thy lumpish head,
Ope thy dull eies, shake of this drowfinesse,
Rowse vp thy selfe.

*Somnus falls downe
and sleeps.*

S O M N. O *Crapula*, how now, how now, oh oh how, whose there?
Crapula speake quickly, what's the matter?

C R A P. As I told you, the noble Senses, Peeres of *Microcosme*,
Will eft-soone fall to ruine perpetuall,
Vnlesse your ready helping hand recure them:
Lately they banquetted at *Gustus* Table,
And there fell mad, or drunke, I know not whether,
So that it's doubtfull in these outrageous fits
That thei'le murder one another.

S O M. Feare not, if they haue scapt already,
Bring me to them, or them to me,
I'll quickly make them know the power
Of my large stretcht authority.
These cordes of sleepe, where-with I wont to bind
The strongest armes that ere resisted me
Shall be the meanes whereby I will correct
The Senses out-rage, and distemperature.

C R A P. Thanks gentle *Somnus*, I'll go seeke them out,
And bring them to you soone as possible.

S O M. Dispatch it quickly least I fall a sleepe for want of worke.

C R A P. Stand still, stand still: *Visus* I thinke comes yonder,
If you thinke good beginne and bind him first:
For he made fast, the rest will soone be quier. *Exit Crapula.*

LINGVA.

ACTVS.5. SCENA.II.

VISVS. SOMNVS.

VIS. Sage *Telemus*, I now, too late, admire
Thy deepe fore-sight and skill in Prophecy,
Who whilome toldst me that in time to come
Vlysses should deprivie me of my sight.
And now the slaue that marcht in *Ontis* name
Is prou'd *Vlysses*, and by this deuice
Hath scapt my hands, and fled away by Sea,
Leauing me desolate in eternall night.
Ah wretched *Polypheme*, where's all thy hope
And longing for thy beauteous *Galatea*?
Shee scorn'd thee once, but now she will detest,
And loath to looke vpon thy darkned face.
Aye me most miserable *Polyphemus*.
But as for *Vlysses*, heaven and earth
Send vengeance euer on thy damned head.
In iust reuenge of my great iniury. *Somnus bind him.*
Who is he that dares to touch me? *Cyclops* come.
Come all ye *Cyclops* helpe to rescue me.
Somnus charmes him, he sleeps.

SOM. There rest thy selfe, and let thy quiet sleepe,
Restore thy weake imagination.

ACTVS.5. SCENA.IZ.

LINGVA, SOMNVS, VISVS.

LING. Ha, ha, ha: oh how my spleene is tickled with this sport?
The madding Senses make about the woods,
It cheeres my soule and makes my body fat
To laugh at their mischances, ha, ha, ha, ha,
Heigh ho, the stitch hath caught me, oh my heart!
Would I had one to hold my sides a while,
That I might laugh a freshe, oh how they runne,
And chafe, and sweare, and threaten on another.
Ay me, out alas, ay me help, help, who's this that binds me? *Somnus binds*
Helpe *Mendacio*, *Mendacio* helpe, here's one will rauish me. *her.*

SOM. *Lingua* content your selfe you must be bound.

LING. What a spight is this? Are my nailes par'd so neere? Can I not
scratch his eies out? VVhat haue I done? VVhat? Do you meane to kill
me? Murder, murder, murder, *Shee fals a sleepe.*

ACT.

LINGVA.

ACT. 3: SCEN. 13.

GUSTVS, with a voiding knife in his hand, SOMNVS,
LINGVA, VISVS,

GUST. Who cries out murder? What a woman slaine!
My Lady *Lingua* dead? Oh heauens iniust,
Can you behold this fact, this bloody fact;
And shower not fire vpon the murderer?
Ah peerelesse *Lingua*, mistresse of heauenly words,
Sweet tongue of eloquence; the life of fame,
Hearts deere inchantresse, what disaster fates,
Haue rest this Iewell from our Common-wealth?
Gustus the Ruby that adornes thy Ring,
Loe here defect, how shalt thou lead thy dayes,
Wanting the sweet companion of thy life,
But in darke sorrow, and dull melancholy?
But stay, who's this? Inhumane wretch,
Bloud-thirsty miscreant, is this thy handy-worke,
To kill a woman, a harmelesse Lady?
Villaine prepare thy selfe; draw, or Ile sheath my sauchion in thy sides:
There take the guerdon fit for murderers.

*Gustus offers to run at Somnus, but being
suddenly charmed falls asleepe.*

SOM. Here's such a stirre, I neuer knew the Senses in such disorder.
LING. Ha, ha, ha; *Mendacio, Mendacio*, See how *Visus* hath broke his
fore-head against the Oke yonder: ha, ha, ha, ha.
SOM. How now? Is not *Lingua* bound sufficiently? I haue more trou-
ble to make one woman sleepe, then all the world besides, they are so full
of rattle.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 14.

SOMNVS, CRAPVLA, (LINGVA, VISVS, GUSTVS) AVDITVS
pulling OLFACTVS *by the Nose*, and OLFACTVS *wringing* AVDI-
TVS *by the eares*.

AVD. Oh mine eares, mine eares, mine eares:

OLF. Oh my nose, my nose, my nose.

CRA. Leau, leau at length these base contentions, *Olfactus* let him

OLF. Let him first loose my nose.

CRA. Good *Auditus* giue ouer.

AVD. Ile haue his life that sought to kill me.

SOM. Come, come, Ile end this quarrell, binde him *Crapula*.

They binde them both.

LINGVA.
ACT. 5. SCENE 13.

TACTVS, with his robe in his hand, **SOMNVS**, **CRAPVLA**, **LINGVA**,
GVSTVS, **OLFACTVS**, **VISVS**, **AVDITVS**.

TACT. Thanks *Deianeira*, for thy kinde remembrance,
'Tis a faire shirt, Il'e weare it for thy sake.

CRAP. *Somnus*, here's *Tactus* worse then all his fellowes,
Stay but a while, and you shall see him rage.

SOM. What will he do? see that he scapes vs not.

TACT. 'Tis a good shirt, it fits me passing well,
'Tis very warme indeed; but whats the matter?
Me thinkes I am somewhat hotter then I was,
My heart beates faster then 'twas wont to do,
My braines inflamed, my temples ake extremely, oh, oh,
Oh what a wild-fire creepes among my bowels!

Aetna's within my brest, my marrow fries,
And runs about my bones. Oh my sides. Oh my sides!

My sides, my reines, my head, my reines, my head;
My heart, my heart, my liuer, my liuer, oh!

I burne, I burne, I burne; oh how I burne
With scorching heate of implacable fire!
I burne extreame with flames vn-sufferable.

SOM. Sure he doth but try how to act *Hercules*.

TACT. Is it this fire that boyles me thus? oh heauens!
It fires me worse, and heates more furiously
Then *Ioues* dire thunderbolts; oh miserable,
They bide lesse paine that bathe in *Phlegeton*;
Could not the triple kingdome of the world,
Heauen, Earth, and Hell, destroy great *Hercules*?
Could not the damned sprights of hatefull *Inno*,
Nor the great dangers of my labours kill me?

Am I the mighty sonne of *Iupiter*?

And shall this poisoned linnen thus consume me?

Shall I be burnt? villaines flye vp to heauen,

Bid *Iris* muster vp a troope of clouds,

And shower downe cataracts of raine to coole me,

Or else Ile breake her speckled bow in peeces.

Will she not? No, she hates me like her mistris;

Why then descend you rogues to the vile deepe,

Fetch *Neptune* hither, charge him bring the sea

To quench these flames, or else the worlds faire frame

LINGVA.

Will be in greater danger to be burnt

Then when proud *Phaeton* rul'd the Sunnes rich Chariot,

SOM. Il'e take that care the world shall not be burnt,
If *Somnus* cords can hold you. *Somnus binds him.*

TACT. What *Vulcan*'s this that offers to inchaine
A greater Souldier then the God of warres?

SOM. He that each night with bloudlesse battell conquers
The proudest Conquerour that triumphs by warres.

CRAP. Now *Somnus* there's but onely one remaining,
That was the Author of these out-rages.

SOM. Who's that? Is he vnder my command?

CRAP. Yes, yes, yes, 'tis *Appetitus*; if you go that way, and looke about
those thickets, Il'e go hither, and search this groue, I doubt not but to
finde him.

SOM. Content.

Exeunt Somnus & Crapula.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 16.

APPETITVS, IRRACIBILIS, with a willow in his hand puld vp by the
roots. SOMNVS, CRAPVLA. *The Senses all asleep.*

APP. So, now's the time that I would gladly meet
These madding *Senses* that abus'd me thus;
What haunt me like an Owle? make an Ass of me?
No they shall know, I scorn to serue such maisters;
As cannot maister their affections;
Their iniuries haue chang'd my nature,
Now Il'e be no more called hungry perasite:
But henceforth answer to the wrathfull name
Of angry *Appetite*, my choller's vp:
Zephyrus coole me quickly with thy fanne,
Or else Il'e cut thy cheekes: why this is braue,
Farre better then to faune at *Gustus* table
For a few scraps: no, no, such words as these:
By *Pluto* stabbe the villaine, kill the slaue:
By the infernall Haggas Il'e hough the rogue,
And paunch the rascall that abus'd me thus:
Such words as these fit angry *Appetite*. *Enter Crapula*

CRA. *Somnus, Somnus*, come hither, come hither quickly, hee's here,
hee's here.

APP. I marry is he sirra, what of that base miscreant *Crapula*?

CRA. O gentle *Appetitus*.

APP. You muddy gulche, darst looke me in the face while mine eyes
sparkle

LINGVA.

sparkle with reuengefull fire? (tiffe, toffe, tiffe, toffe.)

CRA. Good *Appetitus*.

APP. Peace you fat Bawson, peace, (tiffe, toffe, tiffe, toffe)

See'st not this fatall engine of my wrath?

Villaine Ile maule thee for thine old offences,

And grinde thy bones to powder with this pestle.

You, when I had no weapons to defend me,

Could beate me out of doores; but now prepare,

Make thy selfe ready, for thou shalt not scape.

Thus doth the great reuengefull *Appetite*,

Vpon his fatte foe wreake his wrathfull spire.

APPETITVS beaureth up his Club to brains

*CRAPULA, but SOMNVS in the meane
time, catcheth him behind, and binde him.*

SOM. Why how now *Crapula*?

CRA. Am I not dead? is not my soule departed?

SOM. No, no, see where he lyes, that would haue hurt thee, feare no-
thing.

*Somnus layes the Senses all in a circle, feet
to feet, and wasts his wandouer them.*

So rest you all in silent quietnesse.

Let nothing wake you till the power of sleepe

With his sweet dew, cooling your braines inflamed,

Hath rectified the vaine and idle thoughts,

Bred by your surfet and distemperature:

Lo here the Senses late outragious,

All in a round together sleepe like friends,

Forther's no difference twixt the King and Clowne,

The poore and rich, the beauteous and deformed,

Wrapt in the vaile of night, and bonds of sleepe,

Without whose power and sweet dominion,

Our life were Hell, and pleasure painefulnesse,

The sting of enuie, and the dart of loue,

Auarice talons, and the fire of hate:

Would poison, wound, distract, and soone consume

The heart, the liuer, life and minde of man;

The sturdy Mower, that with brawny armes,

Wieldeth the crooked sithe in many a swathe,

Cutting the flowry pride on the veluet plaine,

Lies downe at night, and in the weary folds

Of his wiues armes, forgets his labour past,

The painefull Mariner, and carefull Smith,

LINGVA.

The toyling Plow-man, all Artificers,
 Most humbly yeeld to my dominion;
 Without due rest nothing is durable.
 Loe thus doth *Somnus* conquer all the world
 With his most awfull wand, and halfe the yeare
 Reignes or'e the best and proudest Emperours.
 Onely the Nurslings of the sisters nine,
 Rebell against me, scorne my great command,
 And when darke night from her bedewy wings,
 Drops sleepey silence to the eyes of all,
 They onely wake, and with vnwearied toyle,
 Labour to finde the *Via lactea*,
 That leads to the heauen of immortality,
 And by the lofty towring of their minds,
 Fledgd with the feathers of a learned muse,
 They raise themselues vnto the highest pitch,
 Marrying base earth, and heauen in a thought;
 But thus I punish their rebellion,
 Their industry was neuer yet rewarded,
 Better to sleepe then wake, and toyle for nothing.

Exeunt Somnus & Crapula

ACTVS 5. SCENA 17.

*The fine Senses, LINGVA, APPETITVS, all asleepe, and
 dreaming, PHANTASTES, HEVRESIS.*

AVD. So ho Rocwood, so ho Rocwood, Rocwood, your Organ, hay
 Chanter, Chanter; by *Alceons* head-tire it's a very deep-mouth'd dogge,
 a most admirable cry of hounds: looke here, againe, againe, there, there, ah
 ware counter.

VIS. Do you see the full Moone yonder, and not the man in it? why
 me thinkes 'tis too too euident, I see his dogge very plaine, and looke
 you, iust vnder his taile is a thorne-bush of of the Furies.

GVS. 'Twill make a fine tooth-picke, that Larkes heele there: ô do not
 burne it.

PHA. Boy, *Heuresis*, what think'st thou I thinke, when I thinke no-
 thing.

HEV. And it please you sir, I thinke you are deuising how to answere
 a man that askes you nothing.

PHA. Well gest boy, but yet thou mistook'st it: for I was thinking of
 the constancy of women.

Appetitus snores aloud.

Beware

L I N G U A.

Beware sirra, take heed, I doubt me theres some wilde Boare lodged here about. How now? methinkes these be the Senses, ha? in my conceit the elder brother of death has kist them.

T A C. Oh, oh, oh, I am stab'd, I am stab'd, hold your hand, oh, oh, oh.

P H A. How now? do they talke in their sleepe? are they not awake *Heureffis*?

H E V. No questionlesse, they be all fast asleepe.

G v s. Eate not too many of those Aples, they be very flatuie.

O L F. Foh, beat out this dogge here, foh, was it you *Appetitus*?

A v d. In faith it was most sweetly winded, whosoeuer it was, the warble is very good, and the horne is excellent.

T A C. Put on man, put on, keepe your head warme, 'tis cold.

P H A. Ha, ha, ha, ha st, *Heureffis*, stirre not sirra.

A P P. Shut the doore, the pot runs ouer, sirra Cooke, that will be a sweet Pasty if you nibble the vinifon so.

G v s. Say you so? is a Marrow-pye the *Helena* of meates? giue mee't, if I play not *Paris* hang me. Boy, a cleane Trencher.

A P P. Serue vp, seue vp, this is a fat Rabbet, would I might haue the maiden-head of it: Come, giue me the fish there; who hath medled with these, maides? ha?

O L F. Fie, shut your snuffers closer for shame, 'tis the worst smell that can bee.

T A C. O the crampe, the crampe, the crampe, my legge, my legge.

L I N G. I must abroad presently, reach me my best Necklace presently.

P H A. Ah *Lingua* are you there?

A v d. Here take this rope, and Il'e helpe the leader close with the second Bell: Fie, fie, there is a goodly peale cleane spoild.

V I s. Il'e lay my life that Gentlewoman is painted: well, well, I know it, marke but her nose, do you not see the complection cracke out? I must confesse 'tis a good picture.

T A C. Ha, ha, ha: fie, I pray you leaue, you tickle me so, oh, ah, ha, ha, take away your hands, I cannot indure, ah you tickle me, ah, ha, ha, ha, ah.

V I s. Hai, rett, rett, rett, now bird, now; looke about that bush, she trust her thereabout, -- here she is, ware wing Cater, ware wing, au aunt.

L I N G. Mum, mum, mum, mum.

P H A. st, sirra take heed you wake her not.

H E V. I know sir she is fast a sleepe, for her mouth is shut.

L I N G. This 'tis to venture vpon such vncertainties to loose so rich a Crowne to no end. Well, well.

P H A. Ha, ha, ha, we shall here anon, where she lost her maidenhead, st boy, my Lord Vicegerent, and Maister Register are hard by, run quickly,

LINGVA.

tell them of this accident, with them come softly. *Exit Hennefis.*

LING. *Mendacio*, neuer talke further, I doubt 'tis past recovery, and my Robe like wife, I shall neuer haue them againe; well, well.

PHA. How? her Crowne and her Robe, neuer recouer them? hum, wast not said to be left by *Mercury*? ha? I coniecture heres some knauery—fast lockt with sleepe, in good faith. Was that Crowne and Garment yours *Lingua*?

LING. I marry were they, and that some body hath felt, and shall feelee more, if I liue.

PHA. O strange, she answeres in her sleepe to my question, but how come the Senses to strue for it?

LING. Why I laid it vpon purpose in their way, that they might fall together by the eares.

PHA. What a strange thing is this?

ACTVS. 5. SCENA. 18.

The Senses, APPETITVS, and LINGVA asleepe, PHANTASTES COMMVNIS SENSVS, MEMORIA, ANAMNESTES.

PHA. ft, my Lord, softly, softly, heres the notablest peece of treason discovered; how say you *Lingua* set all the senses at oddes, shee hath confessed it to me in her sleepe.

COM. SEN. Is't possible Mr. Register? did you ener know any talke in their sleepe?

MEM. I remember my Lord, many haue done so very oft; but women are troubled especially with this talking disease, many of them I haue heard answer in their dreames, and tell what they did all day awake.

ANAM. By the same token there was a wanton maid, that being asked by her Mother, what such a one did with her so late one night in such a roome, she presently said, that—

MEM. Peace you vile rake-hell, is such a leet fit for this company? No more I say sirra.

PHA. My Lord, will you belieue your owne eares, you shall heare her answer me as directly and truly as may be. *Lingua* what did you with the Crowne and Garments?

LING. Ile tell thee *Mendacio*:

PHA. She thinks *Mendacio* speaks to her, marke now, marke how truly she will answer. What say you Madame?

LING. I say *Phantastes* is a foolish transparent gull; a meere fanaticke
K
nupson

LINGVA.

nupson, in my imagination, not worthy to sit as a Iudges assistant.

COM.S. Ha, ha, ha, how truely and directly she answeres?

PHA. Faw, faw, she dreames now, she knowes not what she saies, I'll try her once againe: Madame, what remedy can you haue for your great losses?

LING. O, are you come *Acrasia*? welcome, welcome, boy reach a Cushion, sit downe good *Acrasia*; I am so beholding to you, your potion wrought exceedingly, the Senses were so mad, did not you see how they rag'd about the Woods?

COM. Hum *Acrasia*: is *Acrasia* her confederate? my life that Witch hath wrought some villany——— *Lingua riseth in her sleepe, and walketh.* How's this? is she a sleeper? haue you seene one walke thus before?

MEM. It is a very common thing, I haue seene many sicke of the Peripateticke disease.

ANAM. By the same token, my Lord, I knew one that went abroad in his sleepe, bent his Bow, shot at a Magpie, kil'd her, fetcht his arrow, came home, lockt the dores, and went to bed againe.

COM.S. What should be the reason of it?

MEM. I remember *Scalliger* told me the reason once, as I thinke thus: The nerus that carry the mouing faculty from the braines to the thighes, legges, feete, and armes, are wider farre then the other nerues, wherefore they are not so easily stop't with the vapours of sleepe, but are night and day ready to performe what fancy shall command them.

COM.S. It may be so, but *Phantastes* enquire more of *Acrasia*.

PHAN. What did you with the potion *Acrasia* made you?

LING. Gaue it to the Senses, and made them as mad as——well, if I cannot recover it——let it go, I'll not leaue them thus.

She lies downe againe.

COM.S. Boy, awake the Senses theree.

ANAM. Hoe, hoe, *Auditus*, vp, vp; so hoe *Olfactus* haue at your nose; vp *Visus*, *Gustus*, *Tactus*, vp: What, can you not feele a pinch? haue at you with a pinne. TACT. Oh, you stab me, oh.

COM.S. *Tactus*, know you how you came hither?

TACT. No my Lord, not I, this I remember

We sup't with *Gustus*, and had wine good store.

Whereof I thinke I tasted liberally:

Amongst the rest we drunke a composition,

Of a most delicate and pleasant relish,

That made our braines some-what irregular:

ACT.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 19.

The Senses awake, LINGVA a sleepe, COMMVNIS SENSVS, MEMORY, PHANTASTES, ANAMNESTES, HEVRESIS, drawing CRAPVLA.

HEVR. My Lord, here's a fat rascall was lurking in a bush very suspiciously, his name he saies is *Crapula*.

COM.S. Sirrah, speake quickly what you know of these troubles.

CRAP. Nothing, my Lord, but that the Senies were madde, and that *Somnus*, at my request, laid them a sleepe in hope to recouer them.

COM.S. Why then 'tis too euident, *Acraſia* at *Lingua's* request, bewicht the Senses, wake her quickly *Heuresis*.

LING. Heigh ho, out alas, aye me, where am I? how came I here? where am I? ah.

COM.S. *Lingua* looke not so strangely vpon the matter, you haue confessed in your sleepe, that with a Crowne and a Robe you haue disturb'd the Senses, vsing a crafty helpe to enrage them, can you deny it?

LING. Aye me, most miserable wretch, I beseech your Lord-ship forgiue me.

COM.S. No, no, 'tis a fault vnpardonable. (*He consults with Memory*)

PHAN. In my conceite *Lingua* you should scale vp your lippes, when you go to bed; these Feminine tongues be so glibbe.

COM.S. *Visus*, *Tactus*, and the rest, our former sentence concerning you we confirme as irreuocable, and establish the Crowne to you *Visus*, and the Robe to you *Tactus*, but as for you *Lingua*——

LING. Let me haue myne owne, howsoeuer you determine, I beseech you.

COM.S. That may not be, your goods are fallen into our hands, my sentence cannot be recalled; you may see, those that seeke what is not theirs, oftentimes loose what's their owne: Therefore, *Lingua*, granting you your life, I commit you to close prison in *Iustus* his house; and charge you *Iustus* to keepe her vnder the custody of two strong doers, and euery day till she come to 80. yeaeres of age, see she be well garded with 30. tall watch-men, without whose licence she shall by no meanes wag abroad, neuer-the-lesse vse her Lady-like, according to her estate.

PHAN. I pray you, my Lord, adde this to the iudgement that whensoeuer she obtaineth licence to walke abroad, in token the Tongue was the cause of her offence, let her weare a velvet-hood, made iust in the fashion of a great Tongue, in my conceite 'tis a very pretty Embleme of a woman.

LINGVA.

TACT. My Lord, she hath a vilde boy to her Page, a chiefe agent in this Treason, his name's *Mendacio*.

COM.S. Ha? well, I will inflict this punishment on him for this time, let him be soundly whipt, and euer after, though hee shall strengthen his speeches with the sinewes of truth, yet none shall beleue him.

PHAN. In my immagination, my Lord, the day is dead to the great Toe, and in my conceite it growes darke, by which I coniecture it will be cold, therefore in my fancy and opinion 'tis best to repaire to our lodgings.

Exeunt omnes, exceptis Anamnestes & Appetitus.

ACT.5. SCEN.20.

ANAMNESTES, APPETITVS *a sleepe in a corner.*

ANAM. What's this, a fellow whispering so closely with the earth, ho, soe hoe, so how, *Appetitus*, how, I faith now I thinke *Morphaus* himselfe hath bene here, vp with a pox to you, vp you luske, I haue such newes to tell thee: Sirra all the Senses are well, and *Lingua* is proued guilty, vp, vp, vp, I neuer knew him so fast a sleepe in all my life. *Appetitus snores.* Nay then haue at you a fresh, tiffe, toffe, tiffe, toffe.

APP. Iog me once againe, and I'll throw this hot messe of pottage in your face, cannot one stand quietly at the Dresser for you.

ANAM. Ha, ha, ha, I thinke it is impossible for him to sleepe longer then he dreames of victuals, what *Appetitus*, vp quickly, quickly, vp quickly sirra: tiffe, toffe, tiffe, toffe.

APP. I'll come presently, but I hope you'll stay till they bee roasted, will you eate them raw. **ANA.** Roasted, ha, ha, ha; vp, vp, vp, away.

APP. Reach the sawce quickly, here's no sage, whaw, whaw, whaw, oh, oh, oh.

ANA. What neuer wake, tiffe, toffe, tiffe, toffe, wilt neuer be, Then I must try another way I see.

Epilogus.

Epilogus.

I Vdicious friends, it is so late at night,
I cannot waken hungry Appetite:
Then since the close upon his rising stands,
Let me obtaine this at your courteous hands:
Try if the friendly importunity
Of your good will, and gracious Plaudity,
With the thrice welcome murmure it shall keepe,
Can beg this Prisoner from the bands of sleepe.

Plaudite.

Vpon the Plaudite, *Appetitus* waketh
And runneth in after *Anamnestes*.

FINIS.